MAKE SAFETY A CERTAINTY. *See page ii. of cover.*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 502. SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

A 296148

For meaning of this number see page 25.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war-risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, house become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

January 15th, 1916.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

January 15th, 1916. .....

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above fill in this form and post it to us (a Half-penny Stamp will suffice), inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured.....

Address.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name.....*Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us

OLD CALABAR

"RABALAC"

is the ideal food and body builder (spell it backwards). The name implies the quality. Booklet and Samples of all foods for Dogs or Poultry sent free by the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 25.

British People

are too apt to think that the brewing of Lager Beer is a German business. It is now a British business and the best Lagers are made in Britain:

Allsopp's

is the best.

PRIVATE S. FLATEN

Bedfordshire Regiment

British Expeditionary Force

"I have suffered with Rheumatism and Debility for over a year now, and have been in hospital in England for nine weeks, and although discharged as cured, I was no better. A friend of mine suggested my trying Phosferine, it having cured him of the same complaint. I have been using Phosferine for some months now since I have been in France, and although I have been having a fearful time of it lately, the trenches being up to my waist in mud and water, I am none the worse, thanks to your wonderful medicine, which is the finest tonic for the nerves, and general weakness caused through exposure that all troops undergo in the field."

This war-worn Soldier is still exposed to the same hardship, the *same* strain that broke him down and sent him into Hospital a short while ago, but *now*, the exactly *same* conditions have no ill effect on him, so remarkably has Phosferine increased his vital forces—Phosferine revived all the exhausted nerve processes until they now easily supply the extra vigour to prevail beyond ordinary human limits.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. *Your* sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

Every reader of "John Bull" should have

The "REVERSIBLE"

Treasury Note Case

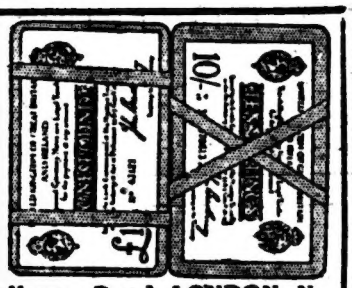
(Prov. Patent 5022).

The best means of carrying £1 and 10/- Notes. Made in real Leather, with initials in gold, 2s. 8d. post free.

A Most Useful Present.

Send P.O. to actual Manufacturers—

D. HARPER & CO., Ltd., 258/262, Holloway Road, LONDON, N.



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OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Paletots, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' & Children's Wear, Furs, Sewing Machines, Footwear, Watches, Jewellery, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Prams, Lino, Silver Novelties, etc. J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

FOR EVERYTHING ON EASY TERMS

THE DEMAND FOR MOTOR DRIVERS IS GREATER THAN EVER.

Learn at Once.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING Officially investigated and approved by "JOHN BULL."

Unlimited Practical Training until satisfied and proficient. Lowest Charges. No extra fees.

Official B.S.M. Certificate and Free Benefits of B.S.M. Licensed Motor Employment Agency.

Call or send for particulars, and mention JOHN BULL.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING, Ltd., 8, COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money. When replying to advertisements, be careful to write your name and address clearly.

JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores

The Only Service Stores Without Tickets.

For thirty-five years the Stores have catered for Service Families desiring honesty in shopkeeping.

Eventually widening the appeal, the obsolete ticket system was abolished, and now modern business enterprise makes the JUNIOR an economical shopping centre open to all for everything.

The honest foundation of the business, however, still remains. :: ::

TRUE DESCRIPTION and NO MISSTATEMENTS.
FULL NET WEIGHT, *Without* WRAPPINGS.
LOWEST PRICE CONSISTENT WITH HIGHEST ∴ QUALITY. ∴

POST ORDERS Handled by Experts.

WEEKLY MARKET LIST Gladly Sent—POST FREE.

Gentlemen obtaining commissions

receive personal attention of experts, and should obtain our special booklets

PRACTICAL HINTS (Published Price .. 1s.) and OFFICERS' OUTFITS. Both sent free of charge.

Chamois Leather Waistcoat, as illustrated, a leading line for the Winter 22/6

Dyed Chamois Waistcoat, Best Quality 32/6

Inflatable Vest for Transport Wear 37/6

Send These To YOUR Soldier Friends.

It is only necessary to send postal order with full name and regimental address for these to be posted direct. Customers wishing to express their pride in the nation's glorious Men may "adopt" a prisoner of war. Deserving names gladly provided from our lists.

POST FREE TO FRANCE 5/-
1 Large Fruit Cake
1 Tin Sausages
1 Tin of Peppermints
1 Tin of Jam
1 Tin of Potted Meat

PRISONER OF WAR PARCEL 5/-
No postage payable
1 lb. Biscuits
1 Tin Beef Loaf, or Victoria Meat Pate
1 Tin Gelatine Turkey and Tongue
1 Tin of Dripping
1 Tin of Bivouac Cocoa
1 Tin of Jam
1 Tablet of Soap

TOBACCO, Duty and Post Free to Active Service only 2/9
50 Park Drive Cigarettes and ½ lb. Shag Tobacco.

CLOTHING PARCEL Familiarly known to regular customers as the "BIG LEAD" Parcel. To a store so closely allied to Naval and Military Families, the dispatch of parcels is an excellent advertisement. The Management therefore allocated a sum of money towards the cost of Clothing Parcels which are consequently HALF COST PRICE.

1 Cardigan Jacket
1 Pair of Stout Socks
1 Woollen Muffler.

5/0 Free of Postage to Active Service or Prisoners of War.

RELIABLE FURNITURE

is always cheapest at the JUNIOR, since all departments are permitted only a minimum cash profit.

Our Deferred Payment System allows purchases at cash prices, thus doubling its value. Write for particulars.

This **WING EASY CHAIR** Upholstered in Cretonne, **38/6**

Sale of Carpets all next week.

JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores Ltd.

The Only Service Stores without Tickets.

York House, Regent Street, London, S.W.
Union Street, ALDERSHOT. **D'Olier Street, DUBLIN.**

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 502. Week ending Saturday, January 15th, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The By-Elections.

Not without considerable hesitation have we determined to abstain from intervening in any of the pending by-elections. One or two of the constituencies were very tempting, and great pressure was brought to bear upon us to run Business Government candidates. But, as we have said before, Discipline must be our motto for the duration of the war—or, at any rate, as long as our poor human nature can endure it.

"Leaders" who Follow.

The resignations of the three "Labour" Ministers is another proof of the inherent rottenness of the whole Labour "movement." Its "leaders" haven't an atom of grit in their compositions—they are mere paid, docile delegates, absolutely unfitted to take any active part in public life. No wonder the working men are sick and tired of them. Where is the leader who will lead?

Those New Year's Honours.

When are we to see the end of the farce of making Baronets out of Stores Managers, and Privy Councillors of men without a "h" in their vocabulary or a single act of constructive statesmanship to their credit? You remember that story about King Edward, who at a big Garden Party at Buckingham Palace asked the name of a certain guest, and on being told that he had just been made a Peer, or something of the sort, replied, "Well, I expect it served him right"? So it is with these New Year's Honours, nowadays.

A Bit of a Pose.

We all know that the Rt. Hon. Will Crooks, P.C., is a very plain, blunt man. But that shirt-sleeved photograph as a Privy Councillor—wasn't it *rather* overdoing it? After all, it wasn't much of a compliment to his Majesty.

Contrasts.

By the way, Sturdy Sturdee, the only sailor who has had the chance of sinking a German fleet, and has taken it, gets a knighthood; whilst Hamar Greenwood, the one-time teetotal lecturer, who, being a Party M.P., has never sunk anything but his own individuality, is made a baronet! 'Twas ever thus!

Too Much Home Rule.

Leaving Ireland out of the Compulsion Bill constitutes a bigger breach in the Union than the Home Rule Act, for it means what was never intended—Home Rule in military affairs. Even the United States hasn't tried that.

British Waiters.

On Friday of this week we dine with the British Waiters at the Holborn Restaurant. Presume we shall wait on each other!

The Aldwych Club.

And on Friday of *next* week, we dine with, and talk to, the famous Aldwych Club. Our subject is to be "Advertising in High Places."

An Apt Title.

There may be a friendly protest from France against the use of Ypres in Lord French's title, but no one would deny "Charlie" Beresford the right to call himself Lord Beresford of Metemmeh—for it was there he won his first "mentioned for gallantry."

Poor Sir John!

Oh, no—Sir John Simon won't starve. He has made £62,772 out of a grateful country in the past five years.

Mr. Asquith's "House Beautiful."

Mr. Asquith's building operations at Sutton Courtney are progressing favourably. The adjoining property has been acquired and thrown into the Premier's river house, which was already a fairly substantial residence. A considerable sum is evidently being expended on the property, for the new front is being remodelled and the interior apparently gutted. Mr. Asquith may not be an expert economist; but he is a capital preacher.

January 27th.

Don't forget Thursday afternoon, January 27th, for that big meeting at the Queen's Hall in aid of the Field Radiograph Car Service. There is to be a fine display of women's work in the war.

The Man who Knew.

"I for one never believed in the doctrine of the inevitable war. . . . So also with regard to Germany the inevitable war is happily receding into the past of erroneous prophecy, and we live on terms of peace and goodwill with the great Empire across the North Sea." So spake Mr. H. Samuel on May 15th, 1914—and Cleveland sent him back!

W. Lotinga.

Many readers have called our attention to a scurrilous, hysterical, illiterate circular concerning ourselves, which is being circulated by the Turf Tipster, W. Lotinga—a defaulter in the Ring, who was recently found guilty by a Special Jury of attempted blackmail—the case being described by Mr. Justice Scrutton as one of the worst of its kind. We have already offered a reward of £50 for the name of the printer of the circular, and that offer holds good.

Make safety a certainty.

See page ii of cover.

Irish Regiments.

John Redmond, in the Compulsion debate, talked of "Irish regiments." But that does not necessarily mean regiments of Irishmen. One whole company of the Royal "Irish" Rifles comes from the Channel Islands.

In Serbia.

But yet these Irish regiments fight like regiments of Irishmen. Some day the country will be told how the 5th and 6th Inniskillings fought in Serbia.

Why Forbid the Curates?

According to the Bishop of London, "Anything is better in such a war as this than to leave it all to be done over again by our children." That being so—if in fact and faith his Lordship is looking forward with us all to the consolidation and final triumph of the forces of right against the forces of wrong—why does he and his fellow Bishops forbid physically fit curates and priests of military age taking their places in the fighting ranks? If the war is a righteous one, it is not less fitting that the clergy should take their part in it as soldiers of the Cross than the laity.

"Sweet are the Uses."

Sir Edwin Cornwall, one time Progressive Whip and another time Chairman of the L.C.C., and all the time a successful coal merchant, has suddenly blossomed forth as a Commons' questioner. It is a pleasing sport for the man who can't "get there" with speeches. Speeches take time to prepare, and knowledge; for questions you merely crib the latest ideas from the newspapers. You bait the hook of interrogation and you are almost certain to get a bite. Sometimes you land quite an interesting or important answer, and your name gets mixed up with a Ministerial statement which everyone reads. Now you understand!

"Great Minds Agree"!

Enclosing a copy of his parish magazine for last month, the Rev. D. R. Fotheringham, Vicar of Charing, in Kent, refers to a recent cartoon of ours. "You will see that the idea of a War Council consisting of the King, Lord Kitchener and Lord Fisher," he says, "is just the one I ventured to throw out in the parish magazine last month. No doubt great minds have been thinking alike again!" Which reminds us of the reference to "Mind, a great," in the dictionary of quotations; when readers turned up the reference they found it was that "His lordship stated he had a great mind to leave the matter exactly where it was."

Our New Year Honours.

MARQUIS KITCHENER.—For making a mighty army.

LORD ULSTER (Sir E. Carson).—For surrendering office to get things done.

EARL NORTHCLIFFE.—For risking circulation by exposing scandals.

MARQUIS OF DERBY.—For doing his best to save the Voluntary System.

LORD CHURCHILL OF WHITEHALL.—For mobilising the Fleet for war.

RT. HON. JOHN BURNS, O.M.—For the merit of holding his tongue.

SIR H. DALZIEL, O.M. } For having the courage to
SIR A. MARKHAM, O.M. } say what we all think.

RT. HON. A. STANTON, P.C.—For fighting Merthyr under the Flag.

RT. HON. BEN TILLETT, P.C.—For standing for patriotism and the men in the trenches.

The Old Story.

According to the *Daily Mail*, the Russian Government have decided upon a general tax on all theatre and other amusement tickets—and the idea is credited to "a famous novelist." So we are a novelist, too!

Fetish and Myth.

The J. M. Robertson, M.P., who has been denouncing what he calls "The Press Fetish," is also the author of a blasphemous book, "The Christ Myth." But whilst he occupied a minor ministerial post, he lay low on theological themes.

Wanted, Fuses.

According to our information, private firms have piled up hand grenades to such an extent, and are now turning them out so fast, that the Government Departments are unable to supply the fuses to complete them; and in some quarters there is talk of production being slackened or altogether stopped until a laggard Government can keep pace with private enterprise. It seems extraordinary that, despite all the uncomplimentary things Mr. Lloyd George has said about many of them refusing to take adequate means to dilute their labour, private firms should be so much ahead of their work in this particular matter. But perhaps we ought not to be surprised. Business is business; and neither in peace nor war can a Ministry of lawyers and deadheads be expected to know much about it.

A Bad Mate.

A working-man has a request to make to us. "Please warn other poor fools," he says, "who, like myself, trusted their little savings to so-called Farthing Christmas Clubs. It may benefit them in the Christmas of 1916." His story is the old, and too familiar, one—except that there is a novel touch in making a farthing the unit of subscriptions. Given a number of men working together, the suggestion of a sharing-out club by one of the mates, the appointment of that "mate" as Secretary, the lack of supervision because the "poor fools" trusted their unworthy mate—and you arrive at the common result. On sharing-out day the Secretary is missing, and so is the money. In the present case, which hails from the London district, our correspondent says that, "as the missing man had called in all the payment cards, the men have nothing to show they even had paid him any money," and he wonders if, in these circumstances, the defaulter can be prosecuted if caught. Certainly he can, and we hope he will be.

A Bishop on Bigots.

In a letter to the *Times* the Dean of Durham "emphasises the complete failure of the teetotal bigots to hustle the nation into total abstinence." They have certainly tried their hardest; from their own point of view they have even done very, very well. "Pubs" have never been so near conversion into pumps and clubs into waterworks than to-day. The Control Boards, the Licensing Magistracies, the military area commands—the pumpuritans have been allowed to capture them all; and the House of Commons, hoodwinked and bamboozled into acquiescence in a teetotalising tyranny, have now neither grit nor opportunity to resist it. If the shade of Sir Wilfrid Lawson ever laughs as it walks the night, it must be almost splitting its sides these latter days. But for the unscrupulous use they have made of the political and social truce, the pumpuritans would never have ridden the nation as they ride it to-day—no, not in fifty years; and the liberty the nation has resigned to them it will never fully regain.

Ask Japan.

Command the Suez Canal and you command Egypt. If we want more cruisers to make a concentration, then our advice is—borrow them from the willing Japanese.

Pie and Prison.

Mrs. Procter, of Caton, found John Treherne crouching in her shop, promptly ran him in by her own hands to the police station, and subsequently had him indicted at the Lancaster Quarter Sessions for stealing an article of food—to wit, a pie, value tuppence. Considering the pie in all its aspects, also the tuppence, the Magistrates sentenced said Treherne to six months' hard labour. As this is the season of the year when people ask conundrums while they keep the home fires burning, may we ask the Magistrates what would have been the sentence if Treherne had stolen an elephant?

Sir Ernest Cassel.

A Bath reader thinks our candid epistle to Sir Ernest Cassel "out of place, considering the amount of money he has given to the British Red Cross—£25,000 as a Christmas gift; and though of Teutonic origin, he would shame a good many British nationals." Our letter to Sir Ernest was written before this handsome gift had been heard of, and in any case has nothing to do with its purport—which was that Sir Ernest should, without having to be summoned and convicted in a police court, obey lighting regulations enforced on every British subject—especially having regard to British public opinion concerning Teutons, naturalised or unnaturalised.

A Hun at Large.

A lively young German, named August Schmidt, is buzzing about Doncaster at his own sweet will and pleasure. He is a chauffeur, and was charged with driving a motor-lorry without a rear light. We seem to remember fines of five pounds imposed on Britons for this class of offence, but the German got off with a paltry 12s., furnishing one more instance of our national kindness to animals. He failed to appear at the first hearing, merely explaining that his employer could not spare him, and even that contempt of court was pardoned. He owned that he is not naturalised, and that he daily obtained a permit to travel on his motor journeys. That trouble should be unnecessary; the authorities should be saved the work of making out his permit every day. August Schmidt is ripe for internment, if ever man was. Indeed, he professes anxiety to be among his compatriots again. Why the hitch?

A New Cross Query.

A New Cross reader, 30, single, and apparently fit, is like a great many more in that position; he would an' he could. "I am ready to fight and die for England," he tells us, "but why should I get killed for the Russians, the French, the Belgians, and the Serbians, about all of whom I have read some very discreditable reports?" When a man tells you he is willing to fight and die for England you must in courtesy believe him, because you cannot prove the contrary; and if, after all that he must by this time know of the origin and progress of the war, he does not realise that not only the fate of Britain, but the fate of universals even more important to the world than Britain—Right, Justice, Liberty, Humanity—is involved in the struggle of his country and her Allies against the barbaric materialism and militarism of the Germhunic empires, then nothing anybody can say will convince him.

The Editor's War Verses.

At the request of many readers, the Editor's War verses—"Why is the red blood flowing?"—together with a photogravure, have been reprinted, and may now be obtained, price one penny, from Messrs. Odhams Limited, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Picture Puzzles.

On several occasions we have noted amusing instances of one photograph figuring in different journals under different titles, thereby leading to much confusion of thought, and causing innocent readers to doubt whether the press is so infallible as it seems, or so truthful as it ought to be. We now have one more picture before us. It represents some soldiers, apparently officers, some tree trunks, a hut, and some deck chairs. The Birmingham *Evening Dispatch* labels this: "British Tommies at Work near Ypres," and describes them as "Men of the R.F.A." The *Daily Sketch* calls the view: "A Cosy Dug-out in the Shelter of a Wood near Hill 60," and says the men are "Officers of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry." In the first case the hut is said to be a hidden gun; in the other it becomes a dug-out. You pay your halfpenny, and you take your choice. Both pictures were published on the same day.

No Chance.

We are sorry for Matthew Wilson, convict. Why he was originally convicted we do not know, but his new offence was "failing to report." He should have reported himself in August, 1914, at Newcastle, but he left the town instead. And so they put him in the dock. He was in khaki, for he had tried to wipe out the past. His story, not contradicted, was that he had been in constant, honest work since he left Newcastle, and had proved himself a good citizen by enlisting three months ago. He had married a good woman, who would be heart-broken should he be taken back to gaol. He would be punished enough when he went back to the ranks, because his comrades would judge him by what he had been, instead of what he was. A strong plea, a moving plea!—but unavailing. The Bench decided that "Justice" must be done; Mercy must remain in her back seat. Three months' hard labour was the lot of Matthew Wilson, convict, the man who tried to turn over a new leaf, but was prevented.

Brotherly.

One would expect consideration for the worker—even when he is one of their own workers—from the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen and Clerks. Such a society has but one reason for its existence, and that reason is the welfare of its own kind. But this Society is not true to its principles. A clerk employed by it—and belonging to it—has a brother serving at the front, an only brother. The brother got a week's leave. During the time he was home, the clerk did not have one hour off from the Society until the day came for return to battle, and then the clerk, as he himself puts it, "thought I should like to see him off, and, instead of getting into business at 9, I arrived at 11.15." What more natural than that he should wish to say God-speed at the station to his only brother? What employer would be so deaf to the common instincts of humanity as to object? None, we hope; none other than the N.A.U.S.A.W.C., the Union, did object. They deducted 1s. 11d. from the man's wages, fining him "2¼ hours" pay for brotherly love! It is the extremity of meanness, exercised by a society formed for a far different end.

Look out for new features in "Everywoman's Weekly."

Why Spalding Smiles.

Produce bought in Spalding and the district for the War Office is placed in trucks on rail, the station-masters ticket the trucks, send the usual notification, and the transaction is complete. No ordinary person would require any more rigmarole, but the War Office must use up a bit of red tape—so it pays Spalding girls £3 6s. a day to run round on cycles and put another ticket on the truck!

What a Game!

The decision of the Divisional Court in the case of the "Clown" automatic machine game is an instance of "grandmotherly legislation" in the sphere of judge-made law. Henceforth, shopkeepers employing these harmless ball and cup contrivances for the entertainment of youthful customers may expect short shrift from the police, and from the magistrates exemplary correction. Boys with money to waste may patronise cinema shows or the galleries of music-halls, or, if they are over sixteen, even squander their substance upon strong liquor or tobacco, but machine "gaming" for penny stakes is of the Devil, and with the sternest pains and penalties must be ruthlessly suppressed.

Passing It On.

"With regard to taxes and rates, I do not hesitate to say that anything which enables an individual to push his burden of the war on to other shoulders ought to be rendered impossible." Thus, the President of the Local Government Board, and, to point the moral, we may refer to the affairs of the Dartford Brewery Company, whose Directors appear to dwell in clover. As from October 1st, 1914, the salaries of the Board are to be free of income tax, the increasing burden of Treasury exactions having been skilfully transferred to the backs of the shareholders. The resolution to this effect is of quite recent date, but, from its retrospective character, it has the effect of "pushing on to other shoulders" almost the whole brunt of war taxation. How was it worked?

"Cruelty to Animals."

Thus Lieut.-Col. E. C. Cadman, O.C. 5th King's Own Regiment, B.E.F., writing with reference to the complaints of a JOHN BULL correspondent of cruelty by exposure to Army horses in the camp at Kendal:—"I was over at Kendal a fortnight ago (letter dated December 26th ult.), during the worst weather they had experienced to date. I inspected both lots unofficially, and my criticism was that 'they were too fat,' and yet added 'it was a very good fault, as none of the mounted "out there" got any fast work, and at present didn't look like doing so.' Need I say more? . . . Your correspondent may possibly have come to his opinion by seeing a few horses in the sick lines, and these, I agree, ought to be billeted. . . ." We have no observations to offer on Col. Cadman's letter, because we have no personal knowledge of the facts. It seems fair, however, to publish the defence as well as the accusation, especially having regard to our comment on the allegations: "If this is true it is scandalous."

But Still They Come.

On the other hand, we are told by another reader—also a gentleman of position—that 29 horses stampeded the camp a few days ago. "I saw your article on the shocking conditions which prevail," he adds, "and find on examination that your correspondent did not exaggerate. The field in which the horses are kept is knee deep in mud just now." We are afraid we must leave the matter there.

Is This Fair?

Two young Naval officers have been appointed Wing Commanders over the heads of their betters. To command three squadrons of airships and 36 pilots when you are still learning yourself is not the way to efficiency in the Naval Air Service. Admiral Vaughan Lee must do better than that.

More War Economy.

It is brought to our notice that the Croydon Guardians have "stopped old people's milk in tea at workhouse as war economy; local Press not informed." Apparently, after preventing the milk from leaking in, they desired to keep the news from leaking out.

Starred and Unstarred.

By the way, a dairy farmer who works on his own farm and supplies milk to a Government controlled firm, who in turn supply the canned article to the Admiralty, tells us that while the men who receive and deal with the milk at the factory are given war badges and his own cowman is starred against enlistment, he himself, who has to sell up everything if he enlists, is unstarred. Where is the sense in it? If the Government want the farms run for the benefit of the country, why don't they star the farmers and have done with it? "I am sorry to say," continues our correspondent, "that I am one of the cowards (although single at 33), for I have not had the pluck to sell out and line up. Like other young farmers, however, I had my excuse. I thought the work I was doing was of some use to the country; enlisting and then crying off before a local tribunal hardly seemed to be 'playing the man' after the Government's exclusion of farmers from the starred list."

A Programme Ad.

We think the attention of the Directors should be drawn to one of the advertisements now appearing in the programme of the New Middlesex Theatre of Varieties, Ltd. It announces that a "Parisian Specialist" cures obesity, rheumatism, weakness, etc.—also baths." The address given is "Flat 4, 40, Shaftesbury Avenue," the name of the "specialist" being "M. Albert." Advertisements of cures for all conceivable maladies, and also of baths, are by no means rare, and had this one contained nothing further there would have been little to distinguish it from rival announcements. But there is the added sentence: "Distinguished gentleman, certificated, aged 19." Why does M. Albert lay such stress upon his youth—and consequent inexperience in his profession?

Doctors.

There can be no doubt that many institutions, infirmaries, hospitals and asylums are at present "under-doctored." And yet there are numbers of medical men, with first-class qualifications, who can get no work to do, and must walk about hopeless and helpless. These are the unfortunate ones who have been removed from the Register by the General Medical Council, men debarred from practice, men whom their more fortunate colleagues dare not employ lest they too come under the merciless ban of the governing body. The War Office would employ these men, infirmaries would welcome them, could they be restored to the Register. And surely there can be no reason to deny a "second chance" to outcasts whose only fault was some breach of etiquette. A scratch of the pen would restore them to their position and secure to the country the services of some of the cleverest men in the profession.

A first prize "Bullet" will start you in Business.

A Request from the Trenches.

The following is a specimen of many letters we have received from boys at the front: "We eagerly await the arrival of JOHN BULL, and as there are many poor chaps who do not get it, a lot of us have asked our friends to send us two copies in future instead of one. If everybody with friends at home who sent out papers would follow this example, it would give immense pleasure to thousands of lads." Enough said.

The Widow's Mite.

There is much force in the wail of a widow, whose son is her only support, and who complains bitterly of the inadequate grants made to this class of dependent. Says she: "Many a strong, healthy young woman is receiving an ample allowance—whilst some grey-haired mother, who has done her duty to the country, has only a miserable dole of a few shillings between herself and the workhouse." There can be no doubt that this state of affairs has been largely responsible for slacking on the part of recruits.

The Boys' Books.

Diss Council School has a good record. About 100 of its old boys are serving with the Colours, and one has won the Victoria Cross. But the Education Committee, with economy on the brain, docked the usual book prizes at the end of term, and the Diss boys were looking blue. However, as a token of our appreciation of some clever essays which had been written by the youngsters, we sent a small sum to the Headmaster, and that gentleman, practising really clever and useful economy, was able to buy 19 books as prizes. So, at the year's end, juvenile Diss was not dismal.

More Ford.

Mr. James Hodgson, of West Walls, Carlisle, advertises himself as the "District Wholesale and Retail Dealer for Ford Cars," and says, "I deal exclusively in the Ford line." Mr. Hodgson, judging from the portrait of himself that he prefixes to his advertisement, is a cheery sort of man, and we dare say he knows his own business best. Our only objection is to his statement that "There's no sentiment in business selection of a motor vehicle." We entirely dissent; we believe there is a very strong "sentiment" against the purchase of Ford cars, and we believe there are many who would not dream of owning one until Mr. Ford has tendered this country a very full and complete apology. And we further believe that British sentiment will be strong enough to make Ford feel a draught.

The Loan that Lags.

Mr. Goodman, of 31, Park Row, Nottingham, is one of those amiable and benevolent gentlemen who offer to lend anybody anything from £5 to £500 on a mere note of hand. A reader wrote for his terms. Instead of forwarding them, he sent a representative, who made kind inquiries about wages and the furniture, expressed himself as highly satisfied—and drew £1 for expenses. Several days elapsed, just as they do in a play, and the applicant wrote asking when the loan would be proceeded with. He received in reply a grubby scrap of paper, torn from a larger sheet, and looking like part of a printed circular. There is no heading, and no "Dear sir," but just these simple lines:—"In reply to your inquiry about a loan, a special visit by train has been paid to you and the matter has been carefully considered. I am very sorry to say the application cannot be granted. I therefore regret I can do nothing for you.—Yours truly, *Mr.* Goodman." So, bang went a hard-earned sovereign.

Immeasurable.

Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the author of "Social Evolution," has been telling the *Daily News* that in his estimation the Kaiser is "immeasurably the greatest man in civilisation, and we ought to recognise it." This, of course, is all Kidd; the truth being that the Kaiser is immeasurably the damnedest man in barbarism.

Liberal Rations at Abingdon.

Signs are not wanting that the rations supplied to the 400 or 500 men of the Army Service Corps stationed at Abingdon have been on an excessively liberal scale, as happens in so many other camps. The surplus food has been sold to a local man, who has kept upwards of 25 pigs on it and sold them, clothed in fatness, at the Christmas market. Even after he had filled his pigs to repletion he had enough waste left to sell to several other pig owners and also to tradesmen, who are said to have converted it into prime sausage. Exact figures are unavailable, but after deducting expenses and making allowance for the keep of the contractor's pigs, the profit has been considerable. When the complete revelations as to waste in this war come to be fully made, they will be staggering.

Fees for Faces.

Rather meanly conceived is a scheme exploited by the *North Wales Weekly News*. It is sending out a circular letter in these terms:—"Dear Sir,—As one of the defenders of King and Country, we would be pleased to insert your photo in the *Weekly News*. The cost of reproduction will be 1s. 3d. and the photo will be returned uninjured. In order to secure insertion, the photo and p.o. should be sent immediately." This precious missive, showing the *Weekly News* in a hurry to pocket fifteenpence, is signed by "Yours faithfully, the Editor." Many journals are anxious to beautify their pages with portraits of our "defenders," but we think few of them are grasping and greedy enough to make a charge for the privilege. Not every Tommy is rich, and it is rather unkind to offer the tempting bait of his "picture in the paper," and then to ask him for 1s. 3d., as though he desired an advertisement. By lending the photo he confers a favour; he should not pay for being kind.

Fire!

There came the cry of Fire! in the night—or, to be precise, at five in the morning. The alarm came from Mugdrum House, Newburgh, and it reached the Perth County Fire Brigade. Was there a man dismayed? Certainly not. But they declined to go to the fire, all the same. "Mugdrum," you see, "is situated about a hundred yards beyond the Perthshire boundary," so the gallant Perthshire brigade "was unable to obey the summons." The house was entirely destroyed; many of its inmates "had narrow escapes with their lives, and several only got out in their shirts." Of course, Perthshire men could not help; it was a hundred yards off their map. The Dundee Fire Brigade—all honour to them—came up to the scratch; they drove thirty-five miles, going so fast that the men could scarcely retain their seats. The Perthshire men do hint at "other circumstances" that kept them from acting, but they fail to disclose them. For their own sakes we hope they have some excuse better than that one about the boundary. Otherwise, their action was discreditable in the extreme. We are sorry to have to record in a single issue two such cases—the one dealt with in this paragraph and that at Otterington, referred to in our Candid Communications.

Mr. Bottomley writes for *You* in "Everywoman's Weekly."

O, THE PITY OF IT!

A TRAGIC MUDDLE—PLAYING WITH FIRE—LLOYD GEORGE'S EYE-OPENER.

BY THE EDITOR.

So there *is* a crisis—the gravest, it may prove, since the Prussian threw down his challenge. How is it to be met? This is no time for the quarrels of the politicians, for figure-quibbling or hair-splitting by the lawyers. I care nothing for the Cabinet of Mr. Asquith, and less for the bickerings of Ministers and ex-Ministers. What those of us who are all for the State, and nothing for Party, have to do is to try to prevent that worst of all evils in the middle of this bloody war—a disunited nation. Never in the history of the world was shown such an example *to* the world of the all-compelling powers of patriotism as when every sound of contention was hushed, every note of faction silenced, and the Empire took up the challenge of the Hun. Now the voice of the disputant is loud in our land. Men who worked side by side to win recruits or to make munitions for the finished soldier, are turning upon each other in angry altercation. The politician is reaping the whirlwind of his own sowing; and we must look still, with confidence and with supreme faith, to the good sense of the People. I care not who he may be—whether he is to be found in the perturbed areas of the Clyde or in the mills of the Midlands—the working man is out to win this war. He knows—he does not need the loud-voiced politician to tell him—that the fight which is being waged in the four corners of the world is a fight for personal liberty, for *his* liberty, for *my* liberty, for the liberty of *every* man, woman and child who is to day suffering from the lust and ambition of a nation crazed by the War Fiend and already glutted with blood. It is the call of Liberty that has given us six millions of men on sea and on land—men ready to bear arms and risk death in the face of the foe.

COMPULSION SUSPECT OF THE PEOPLE.

Let us try to look at the situation—black with peril as it is—with the eyes of sane men, in the spirit that knows no temper and no bitterness. This is no time for honeyed phrases; it is the time to face the facts and to speak the truth that is in us. Compulsion is a word hateful to the British people. What is more, it is suspect of the working folk of this land of ours. A century of bitter struggle, many years of strenuous endeavour, have won for the working man what he holds to be his Charter of Liberty. It is the prize of suffering, often of hunger; it is the outcome of many a hard-fought fight. Until lately the man of Britain could offer the labour of his hands where he could find the best market. He was a free man—free to work where he would, for whom he would, and at what wages he could secure. That is why he instinctively stiffens and bridles up at the very whisper of Compulsion. Do you wonder? Do you blame him? I don't. He is sometimes pig-headed; he has often in the past been unreasonable; but in the main he has been right, and at heart he is sound. Now he is greatly perturbed. He fears that his liberty is threatened; his Unions have declared against the mean little Compulsion for Military Service Bill that our chastened lawyer-politicians have produced from their mountains of deliberation. I say it is a mean and a miserable Bill. I have talked myself hoarse up and down the country, in England, Ireland and Scotland, doing my humble part in helping to ensure that under the voluntary system all the men we need to carry on this death-dealing war to its triumphant end should be secured. Has that system failed? That is the question. Or has it failed only because the lawyer and the politician affixed to it an arbitrary pledge and gambled on the chance that that pledge would never have to be fulfilled? I care not whether Mr. Asquith said this or that, or whether Sir John Simon or any other of the muddling Incompetents thinks it meant that or this. What I do care about is the unity of this great country. What I am prepared to fight for is a continuance of the mighty harmony which has sung like the stars ever since we put our hands to the plough of war and dug the blades of our determination into the blood-sodden earth. It will be a dark and a deadly reckoning for the politician on whom the nation fixes the guilt for disturbing that harmony and risking the splendid vigour of the nation for war.

THE DISCREDITED POLITICIAN.

I wish I could feel that politics had no part in the patriotism of some of our so-called statesmen. I wish I could believe that the nation is ready to trust the word of the politician, and confidently follow his guidance. How can I help contrasting the bad temper and paltry bickering of colleagues and ex colleagues in the House of Commons with the plain, almost colourless, assertions of Lord Kitchener in the House of Lords? I am certain that if this overmastering question of the method by which we are to secure the necessary fighting force to maintain our armies in the field had been left to Lord Kitchener, there would have been no difficulty, and no national menace. The People believe in him; they are convinced of his sincerity; they are trustful of his word. But now, when he speaks, his temperate language is overlaid by the intemperate tones of the politician, and the people are bewildered. If to Lord Kitchener had been left the task—unhampered by interfering colleagues, and unvitiated by newspaper factions—of finding the men for the Army of 1916, I do not believe the country would have been plunged, as now seems certain, into contending elements. When a

section of the Press tried to rush the Government into premature Compulsion, it rendered the greatest disservice to the nation. I am one of those who believe that the Press has done mighty service in this war, in spite of official suppression of so much it would have been good and helpful for the country to know. But the attempt to rush Conscription, as it is wrongly called, created suspicion and aroused anger. That anger and suspicion are now burning flames of resentful fire. How many times have our servants, his Majesty's Government, been told that this is *our* war and not theirs! Yet they have kept the truth from us; they have threatened, bamboozled and cajoled us.

LLOYD GEORGE'S EYE-OPENER.

It is not pleasant reading, that report of Mr. Lloyd George's meeting with the men who have to work under the Munitions Act, held on Christmas Day morning in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow. But it is well the people should know about it. With that false strength which history shows us has so often begun by suppressing the truth and ended in revolution, the Minister of Munitions ordered the "competent military authority" of Scotland to suppress the paper which contained the fullest report of his speech and its reception. It is idle, it is false, for the authorities to deny that the Press of this country was forbidden to publish anything but the doctored Press Bureau version of that unhappy gathering. It was, indeed, a sad spectacle to see one of the Chief Ministers of the Crown—the man who was at one time the idol, if not of Labour, certainly of the People—browbeaten and ridiculed, laughed at and derided when in the name of the Government he faced the workers of the Clyde to urge the need for the dilution of labour. Everyone knew what he wanted, and everyone, I make bold to say, knew the reasonableness of his plea. He wanted the men to forgo still further their Trade Union rights, which in peace time they stand up for so strenuously, and to allow the Works to receive unskilled hands, men and women, so that they to whom he spoke, the skilled workers of the Clyde, could be relieved of their less technical work and be put to turning out those parts of munitions requiring the greatest ability and experience. That, I say, was a reasonable request. Yet so incensed have the men become, owing to their experience under the Munitions Act, that they treated Mr. Lloyd George as they might have treated the false prophets of old, and received him with hisses and execrations. No one can read that report in the suppressed *Forward*—the suppression was a stupid and retrograde act, like all attempts to hide up the truth or to force opinions into underground darkness—without feeling sorry for the Minister of Munitions, even if you realise that he has brought this sort of thing upon himself. But the sorriest thing of all was that he should have been forced to try to win over his persistent interrupters by claiming the personal friendship of Ramsay Macdonald. That is the type of man about whom it is impossible to use language too strong; it is a type that has done everything to help the enemy and to risk us losing the war. Yet this is how his Majesty's Minister of Munitions, who is called upon every day to combat the evil work of men of such kidney, was compelled to speak of him:—

> Mr. Macdonald is one of my greatest personal friends, and whether he is for the war or against the war, not one single word will fall from my lips against Mr. Macdonald.

But, while Mr. Lloyd George tried all the arts of soft soap and sentiment, these hard-headed Scots were not to be won over. When the right hon. gentleman rose to speak he was received with loud and continued booing and hissing, and two verses of "The Red Flag" were sung before he could utter a word. When he sat down, after as trying an experience as ever fell to any man, booing and hissing mingled with the cheers. It was useless for him to remind his hearers that he "stood with the Socialists against the South African War," or to seek to hide himself behind his dear friend Ramsay Macdonald; the Clyde workers heard him with angry impatience and amid a hurricane of interruptions. Here is another extract from the report:—

> . . . Let me put this to you, friends; whilst we are comfortable at home on a Christmas Day—(Interruption: "No sentiment; we're here for business!")—there are hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen, some of them our sons, some of them our brothers, in the trenches facing death. ("You're here to talk about the dilution of labour.") It's on their behalf and at their written request that I come here to put before the workmen of Glasgow their appeal for help. We need a very large number of heavy guns and projectiles, and I am going to put to you a business proposition. ("For the exploiters.") Do you think these men in the trenches are exploiters? ("Don't hedge.") Do let me state the facts. ("We know them.") . . . What steps have we taken? We have started great National factories; State-owned and State-controlled; every timber and nail in them belonging to the State. My friends, these are great Socialist factories. (Violent interruption.) Believe me, the whole of them owned by the State, erected by the State; no profit made by any Capitalist, because they don't belong to the Capitalist.

The journal from which I am quoting was, we are told by the Government, suppressed—not for publishing that speech, but for what it had said in previous issues. That is rather a queer way of dealing with the Press, in all conscience, and I don't like it, nor do I believe the public like it. I could quote other extracts to show the feeling of that meeting of workers, and to prove that the men of the Clyde are angry and suspicious. Now, what is the use of hiding that very serious fact by invoking the aid of the "competent military authority" to close down the only paper which published an uncensored version of those riotous and inconclusive proceedings? It is the mad passion for secrecy and suppression which has brought the Government to its present crisis, and threatens the country with all the turmoil and danger of a General Election, or even something worse. The People have never been given the true facts of the nation's necessities. But they are now to be asked to express "general consent" to this paltry and mean-spirited Bill. What nonsense it is!

No one has been more earnest than I have been

in speaking and writing against a General Election. Yet, in spite of all patriotic men may do to save the country from the turmoil of political conflict, our politicians have so mismanaged things that this war at home seems inevitable. Ministers may resign; they may challenge each other to constituency fights—they may haggle over figures, and with the lawyer-mind try to prove black is white; they may all go to the Devil for aught I care! But what I do care about, passionately, is the harmony of our great nation, the preservation of peace at home that we may the better make war abroad. Labour has done wonders. Charges of drunkenness are false—the slackers, compared with the men who work till they drop, are indeed a "negligible quantity"; yet before we know the real truth, before the actual figures are ascertained, we are asked to split the nation on a Prime Minister's pledge, which when it was given was not the pledge of the Cabinet. That pledge was a gamble. You have no right to gamble on the lives and liberties, or the good heart and continued unity of a nation at war. Mr. Asquith hoped against hope that he would not have to redeem his pledge. Sir John Simon and others held their tongues for the same reason, and now all the fat is in the fire from John o' Groat's to Land's End. It may be said that I am exaggerating the situation. That is not so. I know the workers of Great Britain; I know how they feel. They are ready to make any sacrifices (many of them mourn sons and relations), of either blood or health. But they are suspicious of the lawyer-politician; they mistrust his tricky methods—and although I do not believe there is any plot to conscript Labour, I sympathise with Labour's suspicions. What is wanted is honesty and straight dealing.

Starred Slackers..

This Bill is neither honest nor straight. We know that friends and relatives in Government departments are "starred" to the last man; we know that the "conscientious objector" clause is a sop to all that is worst in the craven spirit of the Cocoa Press. Before throwing out the net of Compulsion, the Government have torn a big hole for the dishonest man to crawl through. "Conscience does make cowards of us all" takes on a new and a sinister meaning. "Married or single" is at the best an arbitrary test. The Government know it; they are prepared to offer the loopholes of Exemption and Exception so that more can wriggle through, some with good reason and a clear conscience, others with the conscience of the coward. And this Bill, which may break up the union of hearts made strong for the fight, whether in the trench or at the bench, carries the other injustice of an excluded Ireland. I know how splendidly the Irish regiments have fought—how bravely the "bhoys" have played their part. But why exclude Ireland from this "splendid message" to France, as Brigadier-General Seely called it in that breezy, manly speech of his? Is this another device to kill Home Rule? It seems like it; for to set Ireland separate and apart from the supreme call for military service is to put the bar sinister on that brave little island. No, the politicians have muddled again. If the call for Compulsion is a supreme call, as it should be, then this Bill is a jarring, rasping voice which means irritation and disunion—and that is too dear a price to pay. Am I optimistic under this dark cloud? Yes, I am. I believe in the good sense of the people. I am confident that they will not be exploited by the politician or deterred by danger. Their demand of the Government is for the truth; their call—"Get on, or get out." What is wanted of us, what are the needs at home and abroad? We are tightening, through our gallant fellows on the wintry seas, the fast closing strangle-hold on Germany. Food is getting scarce, her people choke with the grip of war; their call for peace, though it may be faint now, will grow louder and louder. We have to find men to keep pouring out munitions for the fighting chaps in the trenches; we have to find the money for the war, not only for ourselves, but for our gallantly struggling Allies; we must keep up our trade, that we may fashion the silver bullets and not falter in this war of exhaustion. What is needed of us? Give us the facts; tell us the truth. Produce a balance-sheet of our assets and liabilities; let us know just what we can and must do with the man-power which is still within these islands, unoffered as yet to the Demon of War. And when you have told the People the truth about *their* war, the war fought with *their* money and *their* blood, I know they will not fail. I say this to the Government—that the nation is strong for the fight; stronger than ever to sacrifice and endure. But it will not be bullied and driven. Appeal to its manhood and its courage through the voice of truth and in the light of revealed facts, and the response will be so strong as to shame your mistrust and to answer in accents of firm resolve your timorous misgivings.

Danger Ahead.

I have dealt with the position thus fully because I scent danger ahead. In a time like this, the Government sits always on a volcano. The line which divides Order from Anarchy is a thin one. This Bill is a small thing—it will kill itself by the automatic process of absorption of most of the remaining available single men. But it is as a match put to the mine which, in a Democracy, is always under the path of Government. After all, the people are to day learning the grim lesson which it has been the purpose of their rulers for all time to keep from them. That lesson is that Force not only *is* a remedy—but that it is, in the last resort, the *only* remedy. It is a dangerous piece of knowledge—and it should be our aim to make it forgotten as soon as possible when the war is over. But our politicians are doing their best to rivet it in the mind of the common folk. Yet they would be the first to wonder if old Demos suddenly woke up, and asserted his brute strength. Do they ever think of this danger; do they think of *anything* beyond the copy-book maxims upon which they have been reared? In the name of the people of these realms—in the name of every gallant fellow who has fallen or is fighting on the fields of France and Flanders, we say—*Get on with the job; cut the cackle*—FINISH THE WAR!

THE SLANDER OF THE "SLACKER."

SOME HOME TRUTHS ON COMPULSORY ATTESTATION.

BY A FATHER.

(Whilst we do not necessarily identify ourselves with the views expressed in the following article, there can be no question that it voices the opinion of many parents.)

Mr. Asquith tells us that what has decided the Ministry to introduce their Compulsory Enlistment Bill for bachelors is that the total of unattested single men under the Derby Scheme is 650,000, and that with the "largest possible deductions" which may be made from that figure they are unable to treat the absentees "as anything except substantial and considerable." As the father of an alleged slacker, I shall perhaps be excused for saying that I have a great deal of pity for that much-maligned and very much ill-defined specimen of the British species. I have yet to learn that a young man brought into the world through no fault or wish of his own ought to be derided because the Lord never made him for a fighter, because he is of delicate constitution, and because he feels and knows that his enlistment as a soldier would add nothing to the strength of his country's arms; nor do I know that his parents—loving him because he is their son, and often their only son—do wrong in troubling their hearts and minds that such a one should be torn from them to placate the *Daily Mail* and find, after a few weeks' training, an early grave or a life-long physical incapacity through hardships which Nature herself demands he should not be called upon to endure. In that case, it may be asked, why has he not attested? The answer is, that accepted regulations as to "standard" are being swept aside, and many hundreds of physically unfit are being passed into the Army to face the rough-and-tumble of "breaking-in" with the rest; if after taking them compulsorily from the only work they are fitted to do in life, and which has hitherto provided them with a livelihood, they become in a month or two "bodies" for British coroners or subjects for the students of a consumption hospital, what odds—and who cares, save a broken-hearted mother and a sorrowing father, persuading himself that he is too strong to weep?

GRAVEYARD OR HOSPITAL.

Yet that mother and that father from the first knew more about that boy than the recruiting sergeant and the military doctor; they knew the Army was taking that "slacker" to kill him before he fought. Three or four weeks ago an inquest was held on a recruit passed by the Army doctors, though he was suffering at the time from, I think, double pneumonia. The other day another inquest was held on a recruit passed by the Army doctors, though his heart was "double the normal size." "Constitution" is in many cases not considered at all; it is merely a question of enlisting another man—or, at any rate, something in the form of a man. Of the alleged 650,000 "slackers" under Lord Derby's scheme, thousands who have not attested are unfit, and know they are unfit, and yet many of them will in all probability be compulsorily passed into the Army, to help fill the hospitals or the graveyards long months before they could be trained and equipped and called to the battlefield.

NEPOTIC SLACKING.

Apart from this, compulsion in its present form will operate very unfairly. The "slacker" here will not have the same chance of exemption as the "slacker" there. I know of a recent member of the Government who has two sons at least of military age, but I have not heard that they are in the Army; on the contrary, I have heard that one or both of them are in some Government employment. There is a Member of Parliament known to me, whose son, fit and of military age, has found a safe refuge in a Government arsenal. I have seen with my own eyes ample documentary evidence to convince me that hundreds of parents with political and social influence—in many cases Government officials—have managed to tuck away their sons of military age in obscure corners of Government offices—where they have little or nothing to do, and could not do it if they had—or in the playgrounds of munitions factories, where, with the most accommodating will in the world, the Director can find them no other employment than that of wearing a war-work badge and carrying about with them an official card assuring them that they are indispensable to the factory. I do not blame those parents. Though I love my country, I love my wife and my boy still more dearly, and if I had influence for my boy I should (perhaps more shamelacedly) exert it in a similar way for him. What I am concerned with is facts alone; and I say the facts are that thousands of fit young men are playing with work in Government offices, arsenals, and munitions works who ought fairly to be displaced, and could easily be displaced, by soldiers discharged as medically unfit, or civilians of non-military age. There these nepotistical "slackers" will continue to be employed, while young fellows organically sound but of frail constitution will be compulsorily enlisted and murdered or life-wrecked in health long before they are called on to face enemy bullets.

LET'S RID OUR MINDS OF CANT.

And why is it a noble thing and a blessed thing for a young man to "slack" in a Government office, arsenal, or munitions works, and a thing for slander, and derision, and shame, and threatening by newspaper bullies and bravoes for a young man with no stomach and no spirit for fighting to wish to be left unmolested in the useful and honest occupation in which he is engaged? If we are to have compulsion for the "slacker," let us at least rid our minds of cant about it. Though, in the face of blunders made and facts settled, I cannot resist the conclusion that if the human harvest of the Derby Scheme is to be gathered for the nation compulsion is essential, compulsion would not have been necessary at all if our political and military muddlers had handled the recruiting problem with consistency, vigour, and sanity. In whatever aspect our national recruiting is reviewed there is damning evidence of incompetency to understand the problem, and therefore how to deal with it on sound, constructive business lines consistently and vigorously followed. The Government have recruited in fits and starts, gasps and spasms, and at every step they have made confusion worse confounded. A Derby Scheme twelve months ago would have left no room to-day for the absurdity of compulsion for unattested single men in order to rope in the attested married men. I do not myself think it will in the long run add much weight or worth to British arms; and if my dear son is taken from me, and my worst fears for him are confirmed, he shall have at least one word on his tombstone for all men to read—"Murdered."

THE STRANGLE HOLD.

PIRATES MUST BE TREATED AS PIRATES.—NO HALF MEASURES.

By A. G. Hales.

Long ago the Germans decided upon a policy of murder and terrorism on the high seas, with the deliberate intention of scaring all neutrals from trading with Great Britain or her Colonies, and with intent to keep all kinds and conditions of people from visiting our ports, or leaving them; their object was to draw our Fleet from its present positions and to scatter it over the face of the waters that it might protect merchantmen, and so enable the cowardly German navy a free hand to attack and shell unprotected ports and unarmed ships belonging to us and our Allies. In this design they were unutterably ruthless; ship after ship carrying women and children was sent to the bottom without a scintilla of warning, and the women and babes were left to drown like rats, whilst the pirates looked on and grinned and jeered, exulting like demons over the success of their crimes. Their warships would not come out and fight our warships, their bluejackets would not come forth from the skulking ground between the banks of the Kiel Canal and measure the might of our sailors in open battle; murder, not war, was their shibboleth. They did us grievous harm—what is the use of attempting to deny it; why hide the fact that Germany's deeply-considered policy of high sea murder was in a measure successful? But it failed in its chief mission; it *did not* cause our Fleets to scatter like wild fowl all over the seas and leave home waters and home ports at the mercy of the German warships.

Justice Grim and Great.

Now the Germans tell a story of grim and bitter vengeance, which they claim was wrought by a British vessel of war (the *Baralong*) on the crew of one of the pirates caught red-handed. All the world now knows the story, as the Germans tell it. They claim that the *Baralong* sank the submarine, and shot every man and officer they found aboard her or in the water near to her. I do not know if that German claim is true or false. I know nothing of the affair except what the enemy has published, with whimpering and whining complaints concerning the alleged deeds of Captain McBride, R.N., and his men. But if the story is true as our foes tell it, I for one say emphatically that at last the British Navy is doing its duty and doing it thoroughly. This may, and probably will, shock some of those who would make war in kid gloves. I want to shock them. I'd like to shock them right out of the country, for it is men of their sort who have buoyed the Germans up so long. I have but one fault to find with Captain McBride, if he did as is alleged. He should not have *shot* the pirates; he should have hanged every one of them, officers and men, from his mast-head. A pirate is a pirate, whether he sails under the Jolly Roger or under the not less disgraceful flag of the German navy, and the Commander who shows mercy to a pirate is a weakling and a milksop. In this case, if the German tale is true, the quality of mercy was not strained, and I for one thank God for it; at last justice has vindicated itself, and retribution, long deserved, has found the men who have helped to defile the noblest traditions of civilisation.

Look at this Picture.

The *Lusitania* and many a sister ship were sent to the bottom by submarines built in Germany and manned by officers and men of the Germanic navy. Did the cravens who manned those sharks of the sea show one atom of mercy to the crews of the doomed merchantmen, officers on the bridge, stokers sweating at the engine fires, old women, young women, little children, peaceful traders? All were hurled into eternity in order that the German policy of war might bear fruit. Let those who would slobber over the alleged fate of the pirates at the hands of Captain McBride, think of the lives those men destroyed, of the misery they caused, of the hearts they broke, of the homes they ruined in their damnable pursuit of "policy," and then, if they have any tears to shed for the Germans, let them go to Germany and shed them. If we had strung up the very first batch of pirates we captured, the high-seas murders would have ceased many a long month ago. We don't stand on terms of chivalry with a mad dog, or a mad bull; why stand on terms of chivalry with mad Germans? The evidence in support of the German charge against the Captain and crew of the *Baralong* is mainly American, and American men, women and children have been slaughtered by these German submarine pirates again and again, and America has taken no steps to avenge them; that is America's business, not yours or mine. If "policy" ties their hands, that is their look out; but our own people must be avenged—and will be. We have submitted far too long to German butchers, and non-combatants and our rulers have shivered too openly at Germanic threats when we talked of reprisals. There is blood on the stones of old London that still calls aloud for vengeance. There is blood not yet accounted for in the unfortified towns on our own East Coast. Shall it cry in vain for ever? I trow not, for there are millions like McBride in Britain, and their gall is mixing with their blood at last, and all the pussy-cat politicians in the country will not long be able to hold them in check, or rob them of their righteous vengeance.

Tighten the Strangle Hold.

We have Germany gasping now, and one masterstroke of sea policy would choke her. Is there no man in Parliament to-day strong enough to demand that *no imports beyond the quantity received in* 1913 *shall be permitted to go into neutral countries adjacent to Germany?* Ninety per cent. of all the goods above the 1913 level now going into such countries goes to Germany, and is prolonging the resisting force of our enemies. If the politicians, with their warped and twisted minds, won't put an end to it, why do the British people not do so? I am a firm believer in the power of the people of any and every nation, because I am a student of history, and I know that to them the final appeal is infallible. The people are fools always up to a certain point; but when they have digested their folly they give birth to wisdom greater than that of statesmen, for they bring into being the collective wisdom of a nation which often lies inarticulate for generations. *The people have only to speak as one man to end this war in three months.* They have only to say, "He who is not for us is against us," and to close the highways of the seas to all the traffic now feeding our foes through the neutral ports—put on the deadly strangle hold and keep it on; it is only half on at the present, and in each and every case, where possible, let us "McBride" the pirates.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

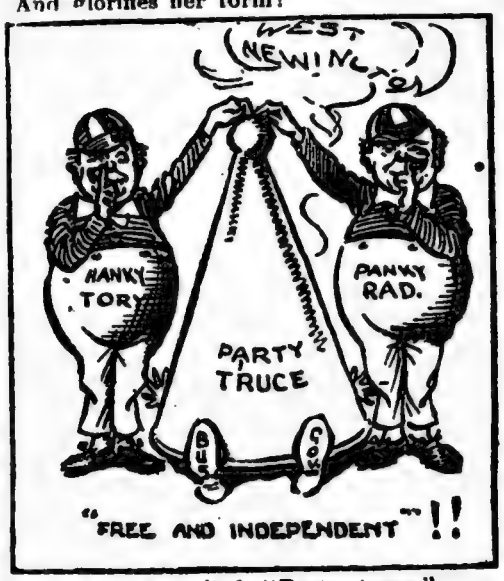
BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

Welcome to Sarah, whose great art
Still takes the world by storm:
It springs from out a burning heart
And glorifies her form!

"WAIT AND SEE IN ANOTHER SIX WEEKS I'M
CASUALTY LIST
SLACKER
"AT FIVE MILLION POUNDS A DAY IS-ER- (AT ONE THOUSAND CASUALTIES) HOW MUCH?"

A respite still the slacker gains—
Not very long, 'tis true;
The "Sooners" soon will rack their brains
In vain, to wriggle through.

The Prince, fresh from the fields of France,
On Pensions takes the chair,
And deals with details of finance
Like any greybeard there.



Despite the so-called "Party truce"
Still do the Parties ban
The only sort of any use—
The Independent man!

When German "U" boats meet their fate
The Huns like maniacs rave,
Forgetful of the *babes* their hate
Has sunk beneath the wave.

John Simon was a barrister
Of credit and renown,
But since his recent Party stir.
His reputation's down.

ANTI-GERMAN TRADE ASSOCIATION.

HOW PATRIOTISM MAY HELP ENEMY TRADERS.

Though the objects and motives of the British Moulding Association may be unexceptionable, there is a feeling in the picture-moulding trade that they will in the result hinder rather than help the Britisher. The President is a late importer of Germhun mouldings, while the names upon the Council do not include more than three first-class manufacturers, the others are agents and retailers of foreign mouldings. By the rules, a member may buy reputed Swiss or Dutch mouldings—possibly largely now made, and likely after the war to be made, in Germhuny—but "no member is allowed to buy moulding (whether made into frames or not) made in the United Kingdom, except such as is made by manufacturing members; moreover, members must see that all moulding is stamped as above." However much the Council deny it, there is an uneasy feeling in the trade that the effect will be only to create a Trust; if a member wants a special pattern he cannot obtain it from a manufacturing member because he does not make it, and as the purchasing member is forbidden to buy what he wants from non-members in this country, he will be driven to take the reputed Dutch or Swiss moulding. It is significant that not many British manufacturers have joined the Association.

AT POTSDAM.

The great All-Highest found his throat
Dared to break out in lumps;
It might be, in some common cove,
Just an attack of mumps—
But such complaint, in Wilhelm's case,
Would be most *infra dig.*,
Besides, his swelling really came
Because he talked too big.

Wilhelm, the One Lord Over All,
Has spouted so much drivel,
That none need be surprised to learn
His larynx starts to shrivel;
His doctors dare not speak the truth,
Frightened, they tell a cram,
And all the little tin gods curse,
And all the big pots dam.

No more the Kaiser makes his voice
With his own praises ring,
'Twould break his heart to think of it,
Did he own such a thing;
Meanwhile, his punishment is dire,
He is a nervous wreck—
Well, Bill *did* ask for trouble, and
He's got it in the neck!

RICHARD MORTON.

Be the first to win our £1,000 Football Prize.

A TURKEY TROT.

PROPHETS AND PROFITS AT PITLOCHRY.

In our issue of August 7th last, under the title "The Birth of a Brotherhood," we discussed the genesis of a "Peace" society known as "Citizens of the World," promoted by a gentleman of Turkish antecedents, Yervant H. Iskender by name, and with headquarters at Tom-na-Monachan, Pitlochry, Scotland. It then seemed that Iskender was relying upon the support of Mr. Richard Cadbury and other devotees of the "cocoa" cult, but apparently it has been thought wiser to dispense with patronage of this description, and in a recently published list of "Supporters and Sympathisers of Note" we find quite another order of names, few of which are commonly associated with "peace" propaganda. Royalty is represented by the King of the Belgians, the Navy by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont, the Army by Lieut.-General Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell and Major-General Sir H. M. Bengough, the Church by the Right Rev. Bishop Welldon and the Rev. Principal Alexander White, Parliament by the Marquis of Tullibardine and the Right Hon. Joseph Albert Pease, and Literature by Mr. H. G. Wells. We name but a few of the most prominent "sympathisers."

SOMETHING IN NAMES, AFTER ALL!

For window-dressing purposes, especially in the prevailing mood of the public, such references are obviously worth more than all the Cadburys in creation, but having regard to the policy of the "Citizens of the World," which appears to be indistinguishable from that of other pacifist cranks, we cannot think that Lord Charles Beresford, for instance, or Sir Robert Baden-Powell, can be aware of the use thus made of their honoured names. The latest appeal of Yervant H. Iskender is for a fund of £1,000 to enable his pamphlets to be translated into German, and in this connection the wily Turk—who seems, by the way, to have become naturalised in this country—has the hardihood to suggest that his impudent proposals are calculated "to end the war."

"ORIENTAL THROAT"—AND ORIENTAL CHEEK.

In a letter to us, dated shortly after our recent criticism, Yervant H. Iskender was at pains to inform us that the funds of the "Citizens of the World" had been "put out of his control," and although we have no wish to dive too deeply into the past, we are bound to regard this precaution as an eminently wise one. If we mistake not the handsome features of Mr. Yervant H. Iskender, it was he who some time ago was actively associated with certain American gold-mining ventures which, to say the least, were not gilt-edged securities, and we fancy this accomplished "citizen of the world" was somewhere around when the French judicial authorities scotched these little schemes on the ground of *abus de confiance et detournement de fonds*—which is French for fraud.

How far the pacific prophet of Pitlochry was personally responsible for this unhappy state of affairs we cannot say, nor would it be profitable to enlarge upon the matter, more especially as Mr. Iskender assures us that he is by no means at home with the English language, a difficulty which he is inclined to ascribe to his "oriental throat." Indeed, our sole purpose is to condemn the mischievous peace propaganda of "Citizens of the World," and to warn the public to have no financial dealings with a man whose commercial career has been by no means unclouded. In peace time we might have been disposed to devote more attention to this aspect of the matter, but for the present the war dwarfs all other issues, and it is to the present activities of Mr. Yervant H. Iskender that we chiefly desire to direct attention. In the existing posture of international affairs, irresponsible peace chatter is likely to prove a fruitful source of mischief, and in a matter so closely related to the national welfare we are certainly in no mood to brook the interference of aliens of the Hunnish or Turkish persuasion, either naturalised or in the raw condition. Let Mr. Yervant H. Iskender mix these reflections with his sherbert and put them down his "oriental throat."

A DISGRACEFUL EPISODE.

THE HOUSE FAMINE IN MUNITION AREAS.

In the neighbourhood of the Government Works at Queensferry, Cheshire, as in other munitions areas, the problem of housing has assumed considerable urgency. A Birmingham workman, with some years of Army service to his credit, obtained employment at Queensferry, and, after a protracted search involving loss of time and money, managed to find a cottage upon the Hawarden estate, to which he brought his wife and four young children, an elder son having joined the Colours. The house was rented from a local farmer, with the understanding that should other accommodation be forthcoming a month's notice might terminate the tenancy. However, the dearth of cottages at Queensferry seems to have gone from bad to worse, and ultimately the unfortunate tenant found himself with a month's notice from his landlord and no prospect of an alternative home. Meanwhile his wife had fallen ill, and in these harassing circumstances he failed to quit the cottage by the appointed date. There followed an application by the landlord to the Magistrates for an Ejectment Order, which appears to have been readily granted, despite the provisions of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act. At this point the tenant ventured to appeal to Mr. H. N. Gladstone, the Squire of the Hawarden Estate. "The landlord," wrote Mr. Gladstone, "must make the efficient working of his land the first consideration, especially during the war, when the largest possible production of crops is of the very greatest importance." But equally important, surely, is the proper housing of skilled workmen upon whom the nation depends for an adequate output of munitions of war. That a landlord should be permitted, in the circumstances we have described, to proceed to extremities against a munition worker, is nothing short of a public scandal. Meanwhile, when do the Government propose to redeem their promises in regard to housing in munition areas?

ADJUTANT AND PRIVATE.

THE VOLUNTEER AND HIS UNIFORM.

"Dear Sir," wrote the Adjutant of the Fulham Volunteer Training Corps to one of his privates, who is also a business man, "I understand that on Sunday last you were seen at the Town Hall in uniform. As you were not on official business connected with the Corps, I must draw your attention to the fact that the wearing of uniform on such occasions is contrary to the Rules laid down by the Central Association.—Yours faithfully, J. Parker."

In reply, the private informed his Adjutant that he had "much pleasure and a certain amount of pride" in stating that he was in uniform at Fulham Town Hall on that Sunday—and not only on Sunday, but also on Friday evening till 12.30 on Saturday morning, and again on Saturday from 2.30 p.m. until 12.30 on Sunday morning. That very willing private was engaged in the patriotic duty of helping to attest enlisters and get them sworn in, and (as a set-off to the grumble of his Adjutant) he prizes the personal thanks of the Chief Clerk for the hard work he put in. It was all voluntary work, done without a murmur, and it was done all the more effectively because the doer was in uniform. He had explained what he was about to "one of his commanders, and had asked him to convey the particulars to the C.O., and the C.O. duly received the message."

We are, therefore, scarcely surprised that the private should further inform the Adjutant:—"I shall certainly cheerfully await any punishment that you may think fit to meet the case, but"—and here comes in a terrible breach of discipline!—"I can only express my contempt at such a letter being written." Why the Adjutant meddled in the matter is a thing obscure, except it be a case of a small mind eager to find fault with and to harass a good man doing good work willingly. Pettifogging punctiliousness of this nature is untimely.

Your first duty is laid down on page ii of cover.

BAITS FOR BARGAIN-HUNTERS.

FUR FOISTERS' FULSOME FAKES.

The following seasonable advertisement was lately noticed in the columns of a morning newspaper :—

> Lady's Musquash Seal Coney Coat, 52 ins. long, very fine quality, latest style ; long roll collar, silk-lined. Sacrifice for £5 10s., cost £21 ; approval.—Lady V., 6, Claylands Road, S.W.

Inexperienced readers might not have suspected the genuineness of this offer, unless upon the same day they had chanced to observe a precisely similar advertisement in another newspaper, purporting to be issued by a "Mrs. L. E.," from the same address in Claylands Road, S.W. In this case also there was a "Musquash Seal Coney Coat" for sale, a "sacrifice through reverses" being reluctantly proposed. Losing no time, we dispatched a representative to the presumed abode of the sacrificing ladies, only to find, as we expected, that No. 6, Claylands Road, Clapham, was an accommodation address at a newsagent's shop, whose proprietor had agreed, for a small quarterly payment, to receive the letters of an old gentleman named Edwards and his wife and daughter. From this information and from further hints received, it was not difficult to identify the "old gentleman" with Messrs. Edwards and Co., the notorious shoddy merchants of 43a, Clapham Road, S.W., whose dishonest methods of trading have been repeatedly exposed, and who are even now, under the *alias* of "Furrier," advertising this identical coat from that address! We gather that at present the Clapham Road premises are in the nominal possession of a Mr. Mark Emanuel, who is perhaps not an entire stranger to Messrs. Emanuel and Co., of 31a, Clapham Road, a firm long engaged in similar underhand operations. It is the practice of these merchants to advertise, from a number of addresses and under various *aliases*, goods of the shoddiest description, said to be specially manufactured for the trade, the rôle of a lady of title being one to which they are warmly attached. The articles offered for sale are commonly worth a good deal less than their "reduced" price, and bargain-hunters will do well to insist upon inspection before purchase. Such offers are, of course, very tempting to ladies with fur-coat tastes and cloth-coat purses; but it is our conviction—founded upon many unfortunate experiences related to us by correspondents—that good second-hand articles are practically never offered at enormous reductions.

ENLARGEMENTS IN THE ROUGH.

THE PICTURE OF A SAILOR SON.

The Alendof Photo Co., of Bexley Heath, Kent, have a rather peculiar method of conducting their business. They advertise their willingness to send an enlargement of a photo for 1s. 6d. On receipt of the money and photo, they in some cases forward an enlargement which they describe as "Raw," and a "Rough Diamond," and offer to finish it for another 3s. Much more above-board would be the announcement of 4s. 6d. as the price of a finished article, but this method, apparently, is not regarded as so lucrative as the lure of an enlargement for 1s. 6d., which certainly does seem cheap.

One of our readers, an Irishman, saw the Alendof Company's advertisement in an Irish newspaper, and forwarded his eighteenpence, together with a photo of a brave boy of his, a volunteer serving in the Near East with the Navy. It is his only photo of the lad, and there are two other figures in the photo, "pals" of the young sailor. Although the father has paid the extra 3s. for the "finished" enlargement, he had not received it when he communicated with us. "They sent me," he says, puzzled, "his two pals, to see how I liked them." And now he is worried because he wants back that only photo of his boy, and also the finished enlargement he has paid for. It is up to the Alendof Company to see that he does not ask in vain.

PENALISED FOR PATRIOTISM.

SICK PAY REFUSED TO A SOLDIER.

The Haggerstonian Sick and Provident Society, with its office at 258, Kingsland Road, N.E., is an institution evidently far more provident than patriotic. Towards the close of 1914 it passed a resolution, at the annual meeting, "that no men serving with the Colours could receive Sick Benefit." It was not a nice thing to do, so to slam the door in the face of any sick man just because he happened to do his duty to his country, but it was done, and probably the gentlemen who did it felt very smug and self-satisfied at the thought that they had cleverly saved some shillings or pounds from leaving the precious coffers of their Society. Among the members not present at the annual meeting, and therefore wholly ignorant of the most distasteful resolution, was a man who joined the forces in the following February. They fined him threepence for non-attendance, but failed to notify him of that important change in the printed rules of the Society. Relying upon those rules he continued paying his subscriptions, and during 1915 they amounted to £1 2s. 9d. It happened that in October last he was taken ill, and he applied for the sick benefit money due to him, being £1 10s. for three weeks at 10s. weekly. It was then that he received the first intimation that the bar was up against him. "Referring to your enquiry," wrote the Secretary on a post-card, "*re* Sick Benefit, I beg to inform you that we are not paying out to members in the Army."

The man has since urged his claim to consideration, but the haughty Haggerstonians merely refer him to the resolution of which he knew nothing. Had he known a soldier was barred from sick benefit he would certainly never have continued paying his weekly contributions. He has asked, if sick pay be denied him, that his contributions should be returned. That also is refused, and we leave the unedifying spectacle of a Society calmly taking the man's money and then with equal calmness refusing him either benefit or redress.

BADGERING THE BAND.

SUPERINTENDENT'S SILLY SUMMONS.

There will be no second Battle of Dorking while that neighbourhood is protected by the eagle eye and massive brain of Police-Superintendent Coleman. The other evening the band of the 2nd Queen's came from Guildford to assist in a recruiting effort at Dorking, and their arrival was not unmarked. Superintendent Coleman saw them with his eye, heard them with his ear, and marked them down as wrongdoers with instant, skilled precision. Nor did he stop there, for he called the offenders to account, and Bandmaster Adams had to appear before the Magistrates on a summons under the Lighting Order, while Captain Moon, the naughty man, was charged with aiding and abetting. The Superintendent, telling his story to an awe-struck Bench, spread himself and let himself go. He complained that "fifteen lamps which the band carried diffused light skywards, and were a good guide to aircraft, and a splendid target."

Be thankful that the historic "Defence" possesses a Coleman—a Coleman who is mustard when crime is afoot. While he is at his post Dorking is in no danger, Surrey is safe—and London can laugh. Yet he is merciful even when masterful. He said nothing about the instruments that dispersed sound skywards, as well as all around. He stuck only to his lights, with the result that "the defendants were ordered to pay the costs."

We wish Superintendent Coleman had been ordered to pay those costs, just to mark his meddlesome, stupid interference. A recruiting band, carrying lamps shaded so that the light may fall upon their music scores, are not acting as enemies to the State, and their appearance in Court to answer a summons was a sorry recompense for their services, and a piece of unnecessary officiousness on the part of the Superintendent.

You may still "Treat" your friends to a "John Bull" Pen.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To Lord Kitchener, War Minister, Whitehall.

DEAR MY LORD,—Strictly speaking, the purport of this letter is not a matter for your Lordship's department. Having regard, however, to the resignation of Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, I ask you to give humane consideration to the following facts, with a view to using your influence for a mitigation of what appears to be the cruel and unconsidered punishment of a private of the R.A.M.C. by the Mayor and his fellow-Magistrates of Blackpool. The name of the man in the case is Matthew Wilson, and he was charged with that he, being a convict on licence, had failed to report himself. There is usually such a measure of hardship in prosecutions of this kind, my Lord, that even normal cases demand a careful and sympathetic consideration of all the circumstances. Here the man had got fairly into the path of a new life; he had been in continuous employment in shipyards; he had lived honestly; he had married a "good woman"; and he had not only proved his patriotism by joining his Majesty's forces, but his reformation by performing his military duties without having a single black mark against his name. To the shame of the Mayor, and the men who sat with him to administer justice with mercy, his Worship announced that though they had taken all these things into account "they felt they could not do anything else than send the man to prison for three months with hard labour." I hope your Lordship will feel that it is a disgraceful punishment in such a case, and one you will at once submit to the Home Office for such a revision as will enable the man to be immediately discharged and transferred to a new military unit. JOHN BULL.

To General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B.

DEAR GENERAL,—I am glad that my recent note had the effect intended, and that your dispatch upon the Anzac and Suvla Bay operations has at length been issued. It is a tale of matchless heroism and of unequalled valour, and never perhaps within the limits of an official report were deeds of gallantry more glowingly portrayed. Yet through it all there is an undercurrent of tragedy, and for the failures and blunders of these fateful days the nation will demand a reckoning due alike to the reputation of the living and the honour of the dead. JOHN BULL.

To Brigadier-General John Seely, M.P.

DEAR "JACK,"—They tell me that on your recent visit to London you were looking as fit as a fiddle, as spruce as a new subaltern, and as happy as—well, as only you and about two other men can look. From these pleasant symptoms I am inclined to infer that all goes well in Flanders, and that your own particular task is exactly to your liking. A better job than politics, eh? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Bowes, Farmer, Otterington, Yorks.

SIR,—Though I know nothing of the merits of the quarrel between your local Urban and District Councils as to the terms on which the Northallerton Fire Brigade is available, I do think it is a shameful thing that fires should be allowed to rage and burn themselves out while these mulish authorities quarrel. The report, as I have it, as to what took place on the outbreak of fire at your farm, is that Superintendent Walker communicated with the Captain of the Brigade, who stated he could not come without the permission of the Urban Council, and that as a result of his action the whole of your hay crop was destroyed. Apparently, the two Councils would rather see the entire district flaming to the skies than settle their differences. It is so extraordinary that I am asking the Lunacy Commissioners to hold an inquiry into it. Evidently some or all the members of the Council concerned require immediate treatment. With all sympathy. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. the Bishop of London.

MY LORD BISHOP,—You are still without scruple in voicing the old shameful slander. In a recent sermon to women at St. Michael's, Chester Square, you told your congregation that £8,000,000 extra had been spent in drink during 1915, and then by exhorting "the wives of soldiers to spend their separation allowances on something that would either help the country or make their own homes better," you fostered the impression that a very considerable portion of this £8,000,000 had been spent by soldiers' wives in drink, to the neglect of their homes. There is no evidence for that suggestion, and there is in fact no truth in it. Wherever the statement that soldiers' wives spend their separation allowances in drinking has been tested by impartial authority—in which I certainly do not include the frenzied fanatics of pumpuritanism—it has been shown to be almost baseless. The soldier's wife has every right and reason to to resent this slander; she is as decent, self-respecting a woman in her sphere—as no doubt the wife of the Lord Bishop of London would be, if he had one. The Bishops as a body have failed in their opportunities of active leadership in this war, only to advise and influence the clergy to sneak out of their moral obligations of active service, and in common decency it is about time that they found a fresh topic for their pulpit homilies. I am not pretending, my Lord, that all soldiers' wives——or even all clergymen's wives—are paragons; what I do say is that as a class they deserve, in the name of their poignant sacrifices, better reward and higher respect than these persistent attacks on their sobriety and morality by peripatetic bigots. JOHN BULL.

To Captain McBride, Commander H.M. Cruiser "Baralong."

MY DEAR MCBRIDE,—A happy New Year and many of them; may you flourish as the green bay tree. I have taken note of Sir Edward Grey's incisive answer to the audacious and cynical demand of the Germhun Government that you and your crew should be punished for exacting swift retribution on the Commander and men of the Germhun submarine which, without a word of warning, torpedoed the *Arabic* and sent many hundreds of non-combatant men, women and children to their doom in the sea. Sir Edward proposes to have you and your men brought for trial before a tribunal of United States naval officers, if at the same time the Germhun Government will offer for trial by the same tribunal the submarine scoundrels responsible for the atrocities in respect of the *Arabic*, of a helpless British submarine not named, stranded on the Danish coast, and of the steamer *Ruel*. Allow me to say that I do not anticipate the Germhun Government will accept the offer; whether they do or do not, I want you to know that I like to meet a man with the courage of, at any rate, some of his convictions, as you appear to have. Instead of the British Government putting you on trial for murder I think they ought to decorate you with a special medal, promote you in the Service, and erect a monument in your honour. In my solemn opinion the Commander and crew of every Germhun submarine acting as did the infamous assassins who form the subject of the Germhun Government's brazen demands should be dealt with in the way you are reported to have dealt with them—treatment which, by the way, I had already suggested. JOHN BULL.

To Colonel John Ward, M.P.

DEAR JOHN,—Accept my salute. I understand that as a soldier you are shaping splendidly, whilst as a Parliamentary orator you seem to have surpassed yourself in the "Compulsion" debate. The fact was, of course, that you spoke not merely from your head but from the depths of your heart, and honesty of conviction always tells. "I would rather die a thousand deaths," you said, "than let a conqueror rule over Britain." That is the spirit that endures, and the spirit that triumphs—and when the war is over the cause of Labour will owe more to the simple patriotism of men like you than to all the palaver of the politicians. The nation will not forget. JOHN BULL.

Don't have vain regrets. Fill up coupon on page ii of cover.

THE CALL TO ARMS!

"'Tis the voice of the 'slacker,'
I heard him complain,

'You have called me too soon,
Let me slumber again!'"

THE CASE OF THE REV. PERCIVAL FEATHERLEY.

OBEY THE BISHOP—SOMETIMES!

By STRAFIST.

The inhabitants of the peaceful parish of Duxton are perplexed. The Reverend Percival Featherley, their Vicar, has given them many shocks and has been the cause of many wonderings since his arrival five years ago; but now he has set them a problem which they cannot solve. When he first came, the new Vicar was decidedly popular, and everyone made up his mind that the young athletic clergyman, who could hold his own with hounds, on the hockey field or on the tennis court, was an improvement on his predecessor, who, for all his charm, had been retiring and rather "bookwormish." But presently, when the old ladies of the parish began to call Featherley "Father," people scented trouble. The man was an enthusiastic ritualist, and being safely installed as Vicar, he resolved to let himself go and to elevate his parish to an appreciation of the forms and ceremonies which he loved.

CONSCIENCE MAKES A HERO!

Now Duxton was an old-world place, not likely to take kindly to Featherley's innovations. As the young Vicar soared to higher and higher flights, his church grew emptier and emptier. His churchwardens did their best to show him that, excellent as his practices might be in suitable environment, they were quite unsuited to the very conservative spirit of Duxton. Yet Featherley persisted, until it was felt that something must be done. Concerted action was taken at last by some of the leading people of the parish. A deputation waited upon the Bishop, and begged that he would investigate and put an end to what appeared to be a most undesirable state of affairs. The Bishop descended on Duxton, saw things as they were, and formally ordered the Vicar to desist from such practices as were illegal.

Next Sunday the church was fuller than it had been for months, and attention was riveted on the Reverend Percival when he entered the pulpit, for it was felt that he must make his position clear. He did so. He had been ordered, he said, to make certain changes, and he had given earnest consideration to the matter. After a lengthy struggle he had come to the conclusion that he must follow the dictates of his own conscience. The Bishop must take what action he thought right, but he could never obey if obedience were contrary to his convictions.

* * * *

A year later a larger congregation than usual assembled to hear another announcement from the Vicar. The war had been going on for eight months. Nearly every available man had gone from Duxton—but the Vicar stayed at home.

BOWING TO LAWFUL AUTHORITY.

At first no one thought of his going, but as the need for young and healthy men became more and more apparent, tongues began to wag. Most families had lost a man; their sons and husbands and brothers were doing their duty; why should not he play a man's part? In time this came to the Vicar's ears. He had hitherto avoided the topic as far as possible, but it was known that on that Sunday he would explain his own case. And so once more his congregation waited in rapt attention. A very hard problem had presented itself to him, said the Vicar; he longed to go to the battlefield and to fight for his country as others were doing. His heart was in Flanders with the troops. But he had also a duty to his parish. Which course should he take? Perplexed, he had appealed to his Bishop for guidance, and the Bishop had bidden him stay. Much as he yearned to avenge the victims of the Huns, he must fight down his desires and show his Bishop that unquestioning obedience which was the duty of all clergymen.

And so Duxton is puzzled. Other Duxtons, too, are marvelling at the new and beautiful spirit of obedience to Episcopal authority which has so suddenly manifested itself in the younger clergy. Perhaps you as well have noticed it, and share their perplexity.

FLY-BLOWN PHILANTHROPY.

THE "CRIPPLED HEROES" HOAX.

We instinctively mistrust a commercial enterprise which, for the disposal of its wares, seeks to exploit the sufferings of our soldiers and sailors, and, as at present advised, we are unable to approve the methods of "Crippled Heroes Industries," of 82, Mortimer Street, London, W. This prettily-styled concern seems to be neither a trading company nor a regular philanthropic agency, but just a one-man show with an office in an upstairs back room at the address named. The ostensible object of the scheme is to promote the interests of "crippled heroes" by employing them in the distribution of "Jack Tar" Soap, "specially made for us on the most generous terms by an old-established London firm of soap makers to his Majesty the King." In the main, the project seems nothing more or less than an agency for the sale of the soap, its true purport being concealed by reference to topics which in common decency should be kept free from the taint of commercialism. For instance, we read:—

> We need not dwell on the measureless loss and endless sorrow of our brave maimed defenders, many of whom have lost one or both legs or arms, or been otherwise permanently injured. The poorest imagination can appreciate their terrible privation, and what such loss means to them in the struggle for existence. What we do wish you to grasp firmly is this—that you can do them no greater service than promote their employment, and thus allay anxiety as to their future livelihood.

The excellent qualities of "Jack Tar" Soap—"an excellent soap and an excellent trade mark"—are freely described, after which what "we." are driving at must be tolerably clear to the "poorest imagination." As a subsidiary there is a "Marriage Lines" Competition, entrants being invited to compose couplets playing upon the names of the parties to supposititious marriages and prizes awarded for the best attempts. "Several clergymen have kindly volunteered to select the best efforts submitted," and there is an entrance fee of sixpence a time, but not apparently for the benefit of the crippled heroes. Before we could commend a scheme of this sort we should require a great deal more information than is yet forthcoming, our first impressions of "Crippled Heroes Industries" being of a most unfavourable kind.

PRINTERS' PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"EVENING CHRONICLE" (Manchester):—

"The most POPULAR event in the history of the *Persia* (says the *Star*) was her grounding in July, 1912, off Cape Couronne, just outside Marseilles."

"THE STAGE" (advertisement):—"

"Wanted, Management, by Energetic Manager, experienced in ALL BRANCHES OF THE MARRIED."

MIDLAND RAILWAY—LONDON, TILBURY AND SOUTHEND SECTION (pamphlet):—

"7.20 p.m. Fenchurch Street to Shoeburyness will make additional stops at East Ham, Barking, Hornchurch and Upminster. THE REAR PORTION WILL NOT RUN."

"PALL MALL GAZETTE":—

"On Friday evening Miss Phyllis Bedells makes her final appearance at the Empire Theatre, WHERE SHE HAS DANCED WITHOUT INTERRUPTION FOR NINE AND A HALF YEARS."

JEROME K. JEROME (in "The Fawn Gloves"):—

"And always he would see her seated there . . . the brown shoes pointing downwards, and BETWEEN THEM the little fawn gloves folded UPON HER LAP."

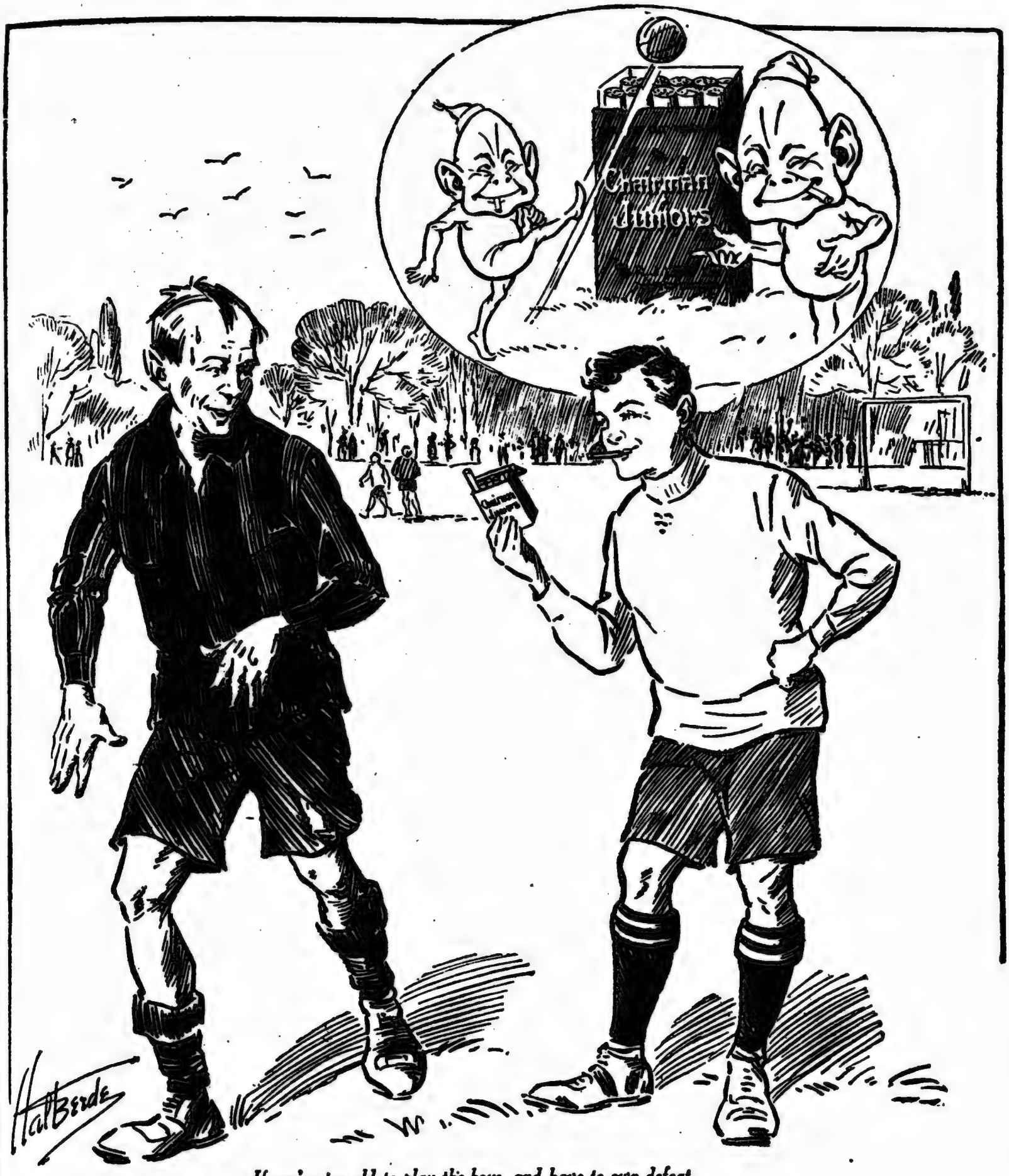
"IRISH INDEPENDENT":—

"At the inquest on —— —— the verdict was DEATH FROM DROWNING FOLLOWING THE TESTIMONY OF DRS. —— AND ——."

"NORTHERN ECHO":—

"Men KILLED in fair fighting BEAR NO MALICE."

Wherever Tommy goes he takes a "John Bull" Pen.



If you're too old to play the boys, and have to own defeat,
Cheer up, don't be downhearted, there is something they can't beat—
CHAIRMAN JUNIORS.

You will never have to apologise for Chairman Juniors. If you hand them to your friends they will not light up and sniff doubtfully. Chairman Juniors are good—really good. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller to enable them to be sold at 3d. for 10. Every tobacconist sells them in their little green push packets at

10 for 3d.

There are no pictures or coupons with them—all the value is in the cigarettes.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, LTD., Manchester.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind: but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

The extra demands naturally arising at Christmas and the New Year placed a considerable strain upon our small fund. There was, too, unfortunately, much illness among the families of our service men. However, we managed to bear the strain, and numerous letters of cheery thanks to our subscribers which have poured in since are ample compensation.

Frozen feet are as common at the front as measles are among children. Unfortunately, in many cases the men are disabled for life, being unfitted for any employment at which they must stand. Victim after victim hobbles into our office with the same tale—discharged to civil life, with the promise of a pension that may arrive some time. Meanwhile, the poor fellows, with their wives and children, are left to starve. They are "turned down" by the almoners of the enormous funds subscribed by the public. We do not send them empty away.

The wife of a soldier died in a Union Infirmary, and the man was—like so many in similar position—refused leave to go home to bury her. The matter was put to us, and we at once saw to the funeral arrangements, relieving the unfortunate soldier's mind in his time of trouble.

A Fleet Reserve man was turned into a physical wreck by illness, and had to enter hospital. He has a wife and two children, the former being in a delicate state of health. As their Government allowance had been stopped, they were faced with starvation. Application was made to the usual funds without success—but a better result attended their appeal to us.

Consequent upon the vast number of our casualties in the field, there is tremendous pressure upon the Chelsea Pensions Commissioners. Some time ago we suggested that for this reason local Pension Boards should be set up to deal with the cases, and thus ensure that disabled men and widows receive their pensions much earlier than at present. It is to be regretted that the authorities did not carry out our idea—for we are having laid before us daily case after case in which men who are unfit to work have been sent out into the world to twirl their thumbs and starve while awaiting the convenience of "My Lords and other Commissioners." We do what we can for these sad derelicts—but their position is a striking commentary on the high-sounding articles which have been written descriptive of the great things we are to do for the returned warriors when the war is over.

Prisoners of war in Germany continue to appeal for food, and in each case we send a suitable parcel. The men in several of the camps complain of their scant clothing and perished boots. The weather is very severe just now out there, and it is to be hoped that our responsible authorities will renew the men's clothing and send overcoats and boots before the summer sets in.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Captain, Officers, Engineers and Crew of s.s. *Highgate*," (3rd contribution), £3 10s.; "Esperanto," 2s. 6d.; T. P., 10s.; K. P., 1s.; H. A. H. (Inverkeithing), 7s.; Mrs. L. B., 3s.; C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 5s.; "Daggers," 2s. 6d.; "Policeman and His Mate," 6s.; Mr. and Mrs. F. D. N. (Shanghai), £1; Engineers of s.s. *Shientien*, £1 6s. 6d.; "A Mite from a Welshwoman," 2s.; B. M. (Manchester), £5; M. C., 2s.; W. J. S. (Germiston), 6s. 5d.; "A Middlesbrough Munition Worker," 5s.; "Searchlight," 1s.; Miss M. C., 2s. 6d.; "Little Willie," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. C. T., 5s.; "Le Rire," 2s. 6d.; "Staff of Messrs. H. White & Co." (Hornsey), 16s.; "Bunty" (Tadcaster), 2s. 6d.; "A West Indiaman," 2s. 6d.; H. S. (Sarum), 2s. 6d.; G. S., £1; Proceeds of Collection at Athol House School Concert (per B.M.B.), 10s.; H. E. O., 2s 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; W. A. M., 2s. 6d.; M. G. W., 1s.; G. E. A., 5s.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; "For Mother's Sake," 2s.; J. E. (R.F.R.), £1 14s. 6d.; M. S., 6d.; Anon., 6d.; E. H., 6d.; "Monk," 1s.; Sergt. A. W., 5 francs; G. L. (Liverpool), £1; "An Admirer of Ivy Mary," 1s.; R. H, 5s.; A. N., 10s. 6d.; M. K., 2s.; "Collected amongst European Engine Drivers at Kuala Lumpur Shed, F. M. S. Rly." (per A. J. H.), £2 4s. 8d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Constant Reader," 1s.; "Jennie E.," 1s.; W. O., 3s.; B. K., 1s.; "A French Soldier's Wife," 1s. 6d.; "Hidden Treasure" (Southsea), £1; "Officer in Charge, N.C.O.s and Men of the 'G' Railhead Supply Detachment," £3 6s.; H. B. M., 5s.; O. M., 6d.; W. S. (Jarrow), £5; I. M. D., 1s.; T. J. and E. G. N., 2s. 5d.; A. A. W., 2s. 5d.

Miss E. Greenwood, the winner of the Second Prize in our 167th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £3 3s.

CHRISTMAS POOR FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Reader of JOHN BULL," 1s.; A. P., 2s. 6d.; "Almond," 6s. 6d.; A. H. C., 10s.; "Suffolk Cyclist," 2s. 6d.; W. A. 2s. 6d.; "Fortunate," 4s.; W. G. R., 1s.; "Norfolk Woman," 2s.; C. S. D., £1 1s.; A. P., 5s.; "Peter's Mother," 3s.; D. B. (Battersea), 2s.; C. J. S. C., 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of Florence," 5s.; C. M., 2s. 6d.; T. and E. B., 2s. 6d.; "Turkey Winner," 2s. 6d.; H. W. H., 2s. 6d.; "Wellwisher" (Northallerton), 2s.; "Memnon," 5s.; H. S., 2s.; "Hove," 5s.; "A Daughter of Erin," 2s. 6d.; P. C., 1s. 6d.; "An Astley Reader," 2s.; "An English Boy in Scotland," 5s.; W. L. A., 5s. 3d.; "Group 43," 5s.; S. B., 2s. 6d.; K. C., 5s.; G. B., 2s.; H. S. B., 1s.; A. D., 2s. 6d.; "Faithful Reader," 6s. 6d.; "Dolly R. T. B.," 2s. 6d.; A. H. W., 1s.; "Millie and Mollie," 2s.; C. M., 2s.; "A Humble Workman," 2s. 6d.; L. D. (Forest Gate), 5s.

We have also received parcels of clothing, books, toys, etc., from the following:—M. B. and C. H. (Putney), Miss S. (Twyford), Mrs. R. (Teignmouth), Mrs. N. (Kew), "Crick" (Long sight), Mrs. B. (Stafford), Mrs. G. E. (Margate), Mrs. W. (Sutton), Mrs. M. J. D. (Taunton), Mrs. L. S. (Brighton), Mrs. A. S. (Oldham), Mrs. S. (Bristol), Mrs. W. (Hither Green), S. and J. R., "A Russian Jewish Family," L. M. (Hackmonwick), F. C. C. (Bedlington), "Sailor's Wife and Mother," Mrs. M. B., "Iris, Marjory and Joyce" (Forest Gate), C. K. (Alloa), "Three Children," Mrs. N. H. N. (Buenos Ayres), "Peter, Jack, Mary and Margaret," Mrs. K. K., "Seaview," I. O. H. S., Mrs. T. (Clapton), Mrs. P., M. E. L. B., F. M. G. (Sheffield), "Five Little Brothers," "Antipas," (Coventry), "Give-It-'Em-Straight John," M. B., "Odds and Ends" (Wealdstone), "Willie and Jessie" (Ipswich), E. F. W., Anon. (Ipswich), Anon. (Southampton), "A Girl Admirer" (Weybridge), L. B. (Wendling), L. C. (Eltham Park), M. C. (Palmer's Green), "Dorothy and Joan" (Ealing), Mrs. J. W. M. (Andover), Mrs. K. (East Boldon), C. K. (Alloa), Mrs. H. (Redbourn), L. B., "Old Brum," Miss B., "Mother" (Peckham), H. A. E. (Wanstead), "Minty," T. H. (Ash Vale), "Rita," Mrs. A. L. C., Anon., "For the Children's Xmas," "Friend" (Newquay), Anon. (Lamb's Conduit Street), Anon. (Ilford), Anon. (Ripon), Anon., "Jack and Jill," Messrs. H. Lotery, 5 parcels of clothing; Messrs. Fry's (Bristol), cocoa; Mr. H., "A Lover of JOHN BULL," Murgatroyd, "Another Little Girl," "Peter's Mother," Anon. (Pinner), Mrs. R. (Denbigh), S. and R. (Osberton), "Little Rosie" (Berks), H. P. E. (Ollerton), Mrs. K. E. M. (Bletchley), L. J. C. (Reading), Anon. (Southend), "Bunsall," "Little Norah," A. E. S. (Dewsbury), Thelwall Eyetye, "A Mother," F. E. W., E. C. (Leicester), Mr. C. G. (Stroud Green), Anon. (S. E. & C. Ry.), Anon. (Norton Bridge), Messrs. Oddenino, 25 large Christmas puddings; Anon., 1 pudding.

Mammoth sizes, "Bullet" prizes. Win one.

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JUDGE for yourselves its remarkable value at the price.

We won't talk to you about the economy you can effect by using this tea. It is, of course, quite clear to you that if you like it, as we are convinced you will, you will begin saving money at once.

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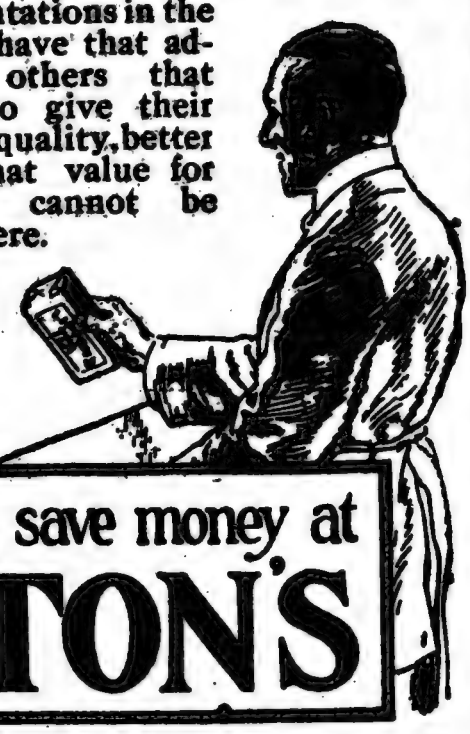
As planters owning some of the finest tea plantations in the world, Lipton's have that advantage over others that enables them to give their customers better quality, better selection, and that value for money which cannot be obtained elsewhere.

There is no cheaper tea or better value than Lipton's.



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Milkmaid Cream, you are sure of Purity—you are sure of Quality—and you are sure of *Full Value* for your money.

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Can be "Whipped" but can't be beaten.

Delightful with all kinds of fresh, stewed or canned fruit, with porridge and other cereals, &c.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations made up to closely resemble "Milkmaid" and which, as stated on the tin, contain preservatives. Insist always on Milkmaid Cream, and CAREFULLY EXAMINE LABEL to see that you get it.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

A Training Corps Grumble.

Our Military Commissioner recently spent an evening with the members of the O.T.C., at Brocton Camp, Milford. He cannot report that they have home comforts. There are no window blinds in the huts, whilst the floor-covering consists of the mud which each man brings in on his boots. It seems doubtful whether they are receiving their regulation allowance of coal. The ante-room of the mess is bare and cheerless, and on the whole our young men in training are being treated in a way that would make a German officer at Donington Hall squirm.

Banks and Mud-banks.

At Loughton, in Essex, is stationed the Bankers' Battalion, who have already discovered that soldiering, even at home, is not quite as comfortable as looking after monetary matters. We are precluded from going into details regarding living accommodation, etc., but the Principal Medical Officer's report concerning the health of the men and the number of sick "casualties" would probably be interesting.

No Promotion.

Promotion is supposed to be rapid at present, but this does not seem to be the rule among the Warrant Officers of the A.S.C., who are most naturally grumbling. In the corps there are at present about 6,000 temporary officers, who obviously knew little if anything about their duties when they were given their commissions. The Warrant Officers are the men who do the work and keep things going, and they entertain the praiseworthy ambition of gaining commissioned rank. It is, therefore, galling to them to have to teach their business to new commissioned officers, who keep them back.

The Shoreham "Slops."

We were glad recently to acknowledge that the Brigadier-General in charge at Shoreham has so keen a desire for the comfort of his troops that he drew the attention of the War Office to a recent article in this journal, in the hope of inducing them to expedite certain work which he had already stated was necessary to make the huts waterproof. In view of this, it is probably not his fault that the military policemen, or "red caps," who have been there only a few weeks, have had their huts re-felted and matchboarded, while the working Tommy's habitation has not been so treated. We recently saw two six-footer military policemen chasing a couple of little hungry boys who were after the bits of crust discarded by the soldiers!

A Bone for Botha.

We recently voiced the troubles of the South African Infantry with regard to their shilling-a-day pay, and our remarks should be in the hands of Sir Louis Botha by the mail scheduled to reach Cape Town next week. In the meantime, we regret we have not behind us a Fortunatus's purse, out of which we might give them funds to ensure the men a good time in London when they come up on leave. They have our hearty sympathy, and we trust that our recent remarks will result in their being placed as regards pay on the same level as their Australian, New Zealand and Canadian comrades.

A Quagmire Camp.

Belton Park Camp, Grantham, was, we are informed, condemned last summer. If so, perhaps the War Office authorities will tell us whether it is now occupied by the Machine Gun Corps. It is alleged that mud is over the boot-tops of the men, and that there are no boot repairers in the camp. In addition to these discomforts, the men are said to be sleeping on bed-boards without mattresses. If these various allegations are true, it would seem that the officials have come to the conclusion that machine gun men are made of the same material as their weapons.

A Bow Wow's Paradise.

Various cases which we have described seem to show that we cannot afford the money or material to make the wooden huts of our men staunch and healthy. It is, therefore, surprising to hear that in a big military district an officer who possesses some dogs has had a large kennel built, covered with tarred felting. This luxury is provided for the benefit of a hatful of puppies. Non-commissioned officers and men of the owner's regiment were told off to construct the paradise, which is largely composed of Government bed-boards and sand-bags. Unfortunately, during the building operations, one of the N.C.O.s was blown off the structure and sustained a fracture in his leg. The General Officer in Command should look around and then express in definite terms his view as to the comparative values of pet dogs and men who have offered the country their services.

A Curious Queue.

The East Sheen people who have soldiers billeted upon them have to go each Friday, between certain hours, to a kind of Pay Office to draw their money, with the result that a queue is formed and considerable inconvenience caused. The billeting pay is small enough, and we cannot understand why the genial hostess should have to parade like a would-be patron of the gallery at a music-hall to obtain her rights. Nor do we know why the pay cheques should be crossed, as landladies nowadays do not usually possess bank accounts. Why cannot each man fetch home to the owner of his billet an uncrossed pay warrant? Possibly this would be too simple a way to commend itself to the official mind.

What Ho!

A large number of soldiers in France have written to us suggesting that some clever member of the Government should exert himself to get them power to invest their spare cash in the War Loan. We are sorry to say that we are afraid this patriotic idea is not likely to be carried into effect. A proportion of Tommy's pay is held back, the Government having the use of it. If this money were invested in the War Loan, Tommy would be entitled to interest. But he *can* open a deposit account with the John Bull Bank, Old Jewry, London.

A Scarecrow Unit.

Those who have been fortunate enough to do a tour through Turkish possessions near the Holy Land, must have been moved to laughter by the ragged uniforms and bared-footed condition of the Ottoman levies turned out for guards of honour and other purposes. Anybody may go down now to Clacton-on-Sea and witness similar scarecrows. The old hands of the National Reserve who are stationed there mostly wear uniforms at which the marine store dealer would turn up his nose, whilst the boots of many are held together with string. The poor devils would be hissed off the stage if they turned up as "supers" at a penny gaff.

Missing.

News is wanted of the following men:—

Pte. G. Fox, 5373, C Co., 8th Batt. 1 4 Platoon, R. W. Kents; Pte. S. E. Turner, 5600, 2nd Buffs, 3rd East Kents; Pte. J. Young, 9495, 1st Scots Guards; Rfn. L. Helliwell, 3215, 4th K.R.R.; Pte. H. G. Crewst 10476, A Co., 8th Batt. Devonshire Rgt.; Pte. M. Hammel, 2nd Cameron, Hdrs.; Pte. H. F. Emery, 11738, 1st Gloucestershires; Sapper W. Sheppard, 7988, 3/2 Field Co., W.L.D., R.E.; L/Cpl. D. J. Ware, 9922, C Co., 2nd Batt. The Welch Regt.; Rfn. C. H. Smith, S/8775, A Co., 3rd Platoon, 2nd Batt. Rifle Brigade; Pte. P. Fancy, 10646, D Co., 5th Dorsets; Pte. G. Craft, 6545, 2nd Batt. R.W.S.; Pte. Wilson, 21386, late of B Co., 2nd H.L.I.; Pte. T. Barker, 11051, D Co., 6th Batt. York Regt.; Pte. W. C. Hazelwood, 12199, C Co., 7th Suffolks; Pte. D. S. Donkin, 19030, C Co., 2nd Leicesters; Pte. H. Regan, 9142, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; Pte. D. Hamilton, 11114, No. 5 Platoon, B Co., 2nd Gordon Highlanders; Pte. A. Randall, 25760, 16 Platoon, 4 Co., 2nd Cheshires; Sergt. C. T. Whelan, 605, 1/6 Royal Welsh Fusiliers; Col. Cornwall, 2731, 4th Batt. 1st Australian Infantry Brigade; Able Seaman F. C. Julyan, Collingwood Batt.

RHEUMATOID-ARTHRITIS.

Sensational Discovery of Simple Home Treatment by Manufacturing Chemist.

Pain Relieved immediately and 9 in every 10 cases of Rheumatism, Rheumatoid-Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago and Sciatica quickly and successfully treated without Nauseous Drugs.

Rich and Poor alike to Benefit by this Remarkable Discovery.

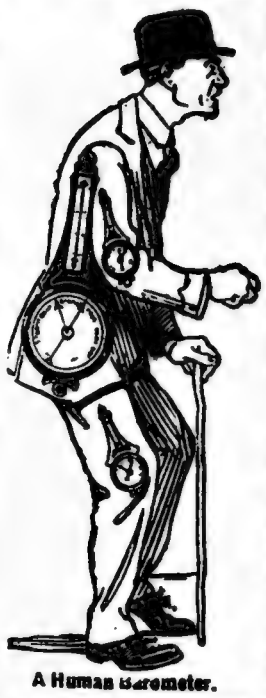
WRITE TO-DAY FOR FREE BOOK.

A fascinating book has been published telling the romantic story of the discovery of a wonderful remedy for all Uric Acid Troubles. In order that the numberless sufferers from these complaints may learn of this new hope to change their pains and suffering into lives of ease and good health, a copy of this book will be sent free and without any obligation whatever to all applicants.

Just fill in and post coupon below, or send your name and address to-day on a postcard and the book will reach you by return.

The book fully explains how a London manufacturing chemist restored his wife to perfect health after years of suffering and after trying many specialists, hospitals, cures, etc., without obtaining relief. The book also tells you how you may eradicate your own troubles in the same easy way.

It is the opinion of all those who have tested this wonderful remedy (it has already been prescribed by over 200 doctors) that it brings new and definite hope to all sufferers from



A Human Barometer.

If you can tell the least change in the weather by the pains in your joints and muscles, the free book will tell you how to cure yourself.

RHEUMATISM

Gout — Sciatica — Rheumatoid-Arthritis — Lumbago — Muscular Stiffness—Neuritis, &c.

and all those troublesome and painful conditions due to an excess of uric acid in the blood.

No such remedy for these ailments has ever been obtainable before, and you are suffering needless pain and worry if you fail to test this new power which is now placed within your reach

To prove our faith in this remedy, we may mention that we have already given away under Medical direction over 2,000 free treatments to deserving cases.

There are no nauseous drugs to take, no liniments to rub in, no massage, no drastic electric treatment, no long and tedious journeys to Continental spas—simply small, pure gelatine capsules called Curicones which contain an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities and the French Medical Council.

"Curicones" are sold at a price which is within the reach of all.

Do not fail to write to-day for the book, and learn without further delay how you can relieve your painful condition in a few hours.

Curicones do not contain narcotics or poisons of any sort. They are quite harmless, and easier to take than a small pill. They will not affect the heart or upset the stomach.

Repeated instances prove that in even the worst cases they

Rapidly Stop pain. Dissolve Uric Acid.

Eliminate it from the blood.

Reduce Swellings. Renew Vitality.

Such consistent and certain success in the home treatment of these persistent diseases has never been attained before.

SEND COUPON TO-DAY.

If you are suffering from any trouble of a Rheumatic nature, from pains or swellings, fill in coupon and post it to-day to Messrs. Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Dept. W.1. 19–20–21. Farringdon Street, London, and you will receive by return the book giving full particulars of this great discovery, diet table, and instructions to enable you to obtain relief without further delay.

CUT THIS OUT.

Please send me free and post paid your book on Rheumatoid-Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table, and full particulars of your discovery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

To Messrs. Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd.,
Manufacturing Chemists (Dept. W.1.),
19, 20, 21, Farringdon Street, London.

WAR WORKERS WANT WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

5 Bars, 2½d. Confectioners and Chemists.
WRIGLEY'S Ltd., London.

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Prices from £25 - 8 - 0

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Agents Everywhere.

EVERY Humber Cycle passes the Doctor—after the most searching tests. No other cycle receives so much individual attention.

FREE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

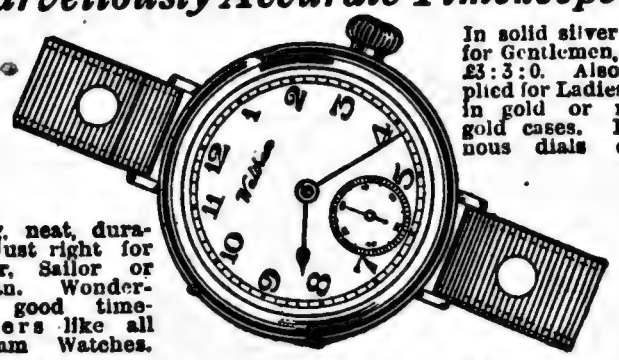
Full particulars can now be obtained by readers of a wonderful new method of restoring lost natural colour to the hair, moustache, or beard (discovered by Dr. Emile Rousseau of the French Army Medical Corps and Paris Faculty). Removes all signs of greyness in a few minutes. Easy and inexpensive. Restores original colour, is long lasting and undetectable. Reduces appearance of age 10 to 20 years. Restores exact shade of hair before it lost its colour. Does not "paint on," but colours each hair from the centre outwards. Washing the hair, perspiration, sun, wind or rain causes no loss of the restored colour. Worth pounds to every man prematurely aged in appearance by white, grey, or going grey hair.

YOU MUST LOOK YOUNG IF YOU ARE TO SECURE THE CHANCES THAT LEAD TO SUCCESS IN THE ARMY OR NAVY, IN BUSINESS, IN THE PROFESSIONS, IN PUBLIC LIFE, AND IN SOCIETY INECTO MAKES YOU LOOK YOUNG.

Full particulars of Dr. Rousseau's valuable discovery sent in STRICT CONFIDENCE in plain envelope on application to Secretary.

INECTO, Ltd., 52, South Molton Street, London, W.

'Marvellously Accurate Timekeepers.'



In solid silver case, for Gentlemen, from £3:3:0. Also supplied for Ladies, and in gold or rolled gold cases. Luminous dials extra.

Strong, neat, durable. Just right for Soldier, Sailor or Civilian. Wonderfully good timekeepers like all Waltham Watches.

Waltham Watches

Wristlet Watch Pamphlet post free from
WALTHAM WATCH CO. (Dept. 68), 125, High Holborn, London, W.C.

HALF YOUR COAL FREE

HEAT MAGNIFIED 100%
60% OF COAL SAVED.

Cheap Coals Replace Drawing Room Coals With Brighter Results, Hotter Fires, and Fewer Scuttles Used.

CHEMICAL TREATMENT ABOLISHED.

The call for National Economy brought forward many coal-saving mixtures and appliances, and these, whilst to a certain extent efficacious, were elementary ideas capable of great improvement.

The greatest improvement thus far, and one which promises to revolutionise the fuel question, is that which positively saves 60 per cent. of the coal, giving out 100 per cent. greater heat.

Is magnified 100 per cent. in heat value by the Patent Coal Mantle.

FIGURES THAT TELL.

An interesting series of experiments have been made in five separate grates selected for one test, and by using the ordinary means it was found that the average daily consumption of coal per grate was 26lbs. On the introduction of the Patent Coal Mantle the five fires were laid in the new way and tested for six days. It was then discovered that the coal consumption was reduced to the interesting average of 12lbs. 5ozs.

COST SAVED IN A FEW FIRES.

Assuming coal to cost 30s. per ton, the adoption of the Patent Coal Mantle means a direct saving of 13s. per ton, and by using this simple contrivance you can permanently make half-tons of coal go further than tons for one outlay of 3s. 3d.

IMPROVED APPEARANCE OF FIRE.
CHEMICAL TREATMENT ABOLISHED.
SUITABLE FOR EVERY FIRE GRATE.

Every householder should adopt the Patent Coal Mantle System

BECAUSE it needs only kitchen cobbles, producing a glorious bright fire with more heat than from fuel costing 5s. to 10s. a ton more.

BECAUSE it uses less than half the ordinary amount of coal.

BECAUSE it burns COKE or SLACK in the heart of the fire at one-third of the cost of coal by a method of internal combustion, causing a steady glow and continual stream of heat *without fumes.*

BECAUSE the white hot glow of the Patent Coal Mantle gives a greatly magnified heat *with no extra COST.*

BECAUSE it stores heat, which it gives off hours after an ordinary fire is dead cold, lasting all night, and keeping warm till the following morning.

BECAUSE Coal is entirely consumed, leaving a beautifully silky medium, which will supply all your knife, brass, and other polishing materials *free of Cost* and indefinitely.

SOME PROMINENT CLIENTS.

We have had the honour of supplying the following distinguished clients:

The Royal Automobile Club
Brooks Club.
H.M. Board of Works.
Egyptian Government Offices.
The Countess of Cottenham.
The Dowager Lady Lamington.
Lady Rookwood.
Lady Sendall.
Lady Shelford.
Lady Napier.
Lady Campbell.
Lady Butt.
Lady Kinnoch.
Lady Allen.
Lady Brymmer.
Lady M. Seymour.
Lady Victor Seymour.
Lady Bristed.
Lady Tyler.
The Hon. Mrs. Napier.
The Hon. Mrs. Bailey.
Sir H. Battle.
&c., &c., &c.

FACTS TO OBSERVE.

Fires on the Patent Coal Mantle System need no poking or stirring. There are therefore no breakages. The usual coal bricks and cast-iron false bottoms suffer sadly when the fire is poked, besides being unsightly.

PRICE REDUCED FROM 5/- TO 3/3.

We want every householder to adopt this splendid invention, and as a special inducement to those who first become users of the Patent Coal Mantle for Coal Fires we have reduced the price from 5s. to 3s. 3d. for the next month.

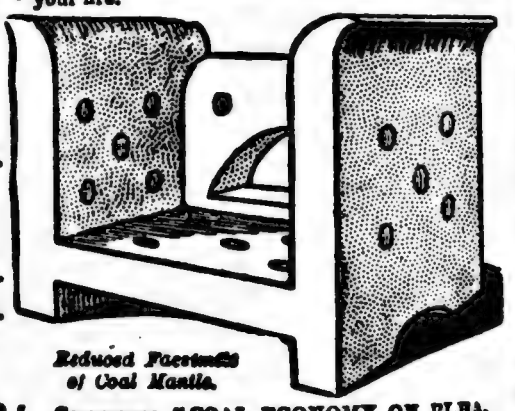
ACTS PERFECTLY IN ALL GRATES (Well-Fires, Hearth-Fires, Basket-Fires, and Ordinary Fireplaces) which have depth (front to back) of 5½ inches

TEST IT FOR YOURSELF.
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

We will send one on trial for 3s. 3d. (post free 4s.), and will willingly refund the money to those who are not satisfied if they return the

You USE 1 Scuttle instead of 2.

Mantle within three days. If you can use more than one Mantle and wish to be certain of the present reduced prices WE WILL EXTEND OUR OFFER (owing to the saving in packing and labour), so that you can have two on trial for 6s. (post free 7s. 6d.), or three for 8s. 6d. (post free 10s. 9d.). Each Patent Coal Mantle saves its cost in a few days, producing beautiful, brilliant fires, and then continues day by day to reduce your coal bills by at least one-half, and to double the heat of your fire.



Reduced Facsimile of Coal Mantle.

Commence "COAL ECONOMY ON PLEASANT LINES" at once, and send your orders and remittances to

The Secretary,
THE PATENT COAL MANTLE CO.
(Dept. J.B.)
1, Albemarle St., Piccadilly, London, W.

The Mantle can be seen in operation, Rooms 9, 10, 11, 12, on 1st Floor, at above address, and full instructions are given Free with each Mantle.

Such visions fair you only see
When smoking pipes of B.D.V.

B.D.V. LATAKIA MIXTURE

The new and distinctive Tobacco

per 6D. oz.

Ask for B.D.V. BLUE LABEL.
Packed in Cartridges, 7d. per oz.

Green Label B.D.V. Mild.
Not a mixture. 6d. per oz.

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD.
LONDON.

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

You have been to see the boys off from Victoria Station, of course, and you have laughed and cheered and cried with them, haven't you? Is there a more stirring, biting, wonderful sight than the picture the lads paint as they come rolling up in readiness to take the train for the trenches? I chanced to be at the great railway terminus one day in the middle of last week. I took myself, with others, to see a young officer start on his return journey to France, and out of the big, bustling, pushing, chatting, laughing crowd there came to me a little fellow, who before the war frequently appeared in the ring, and many of whose contests I have refereed. "Hallo, Mister Corri, know me? I am ——, been to see the old 'uns; had five days' leave. Yass, going back. Can't say as how I'm feeling all ile, for it ain't thumbs up aht there. No, I'm not funking; wouldn't stay here while there is any coves out yonder. It makes yer fink, this war, guv'nor, and somehow I want ter be wiv the boys again. I'm wot yer call a queer kettle of fish—we all are aht yonder; yer not the same when you've tasted powder and muck and mess and seen yer pals ahted. But, bli'me, Mister Corri, we hev our little bit of fun. Yass, I'm taking aht a new pair of gloves wot has been given ter me, and, strike me lucky, the fellers won't half have a go when I gets back. Yass, this ere war kills some blokes and most fings, but it ain't killed boxing, and it ain't killed anyfink what yer calls sport. See that bloke over there? He's taking a football and a mouth organ and yer can bet yer last lord of the manor that my company is going to be all Sir Garnet."

GRIT AND THE GLOVES.

This short, sharp, perky chap would have said much more, and, of course, in language all his own, only the time arrived when he was obliged to disappear through the barrier, and as I watched him, cap tilted at a rakish angle, a suggestion of a cigarette pushed behind his ear, I realised more than I have ever done before what a great blessing it is that Tommy is so closely wedded to games. It has made him a philosopher without his knowing the meaning of philosophy. The boxer to whom I have introduced you found it easier to go back to the trenches because he had tucked away in his knapsack a pair of gloves than he would have done if he had not been sure of a little bit of the scrapping he loves most in between turns in the trenches.

It is recorded in a recent issue of the *Sporting Life*, in a reference to the tragic death of Ben Taylor, the heavyweight boxer, known as the "Woolwich Infant," that years ago in a "four rounds trial" with a big fellow named Jack Walsh, the latter at the end of the third meeting, feeling that he had been pummelled quite enough for one evening at least, was about to leave the ring, whereupon I was obliged to tell him there remained another round to go. Walsh, with all the pathos in his huge frame, and in his most appealing way, said, "Carn't yer make it 'arf, Guv'nor?"

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for January 8th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 276,482 and A296,664. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

There was a very nice crowd at Lingfield on Saturday, and the fine weather made the journey from town very pleasant. The going on the course was even heavier than it was at Gatwick. While it remains like this, I think it will be best to leave the Dicker horses alone. I know what they can do on their own firm gallops, but in the slush they are almost literally "all at sea." Some of them may be seen at Windsor, but the going there is hardly likely to be an improvement on Lingfield, and though a winner may turn up, I can recommend none of them with confidence.

On Saturday both Duke of Tipperary and Bedgrove could hardly raise their feet out of the mire, though I fancy Newry, who beat the last-named, is rather warm in selling-plate class.

At Windsor, on Friday, I think SAUCEPAN will reverse the Gatwick form and win the Eton Hurdle. EARLY HOPE should be worth backing for the Mill Maiden Hurdle, and there seems no reason why MINSTER VALE should not take the Datchet Steeplechase. On Saturday IRISH MAIL can win the Burnham Steeplechase, and after the Lingfield running SQUIRE BRUCE must be supported if seen out for the Four-Year-Old Hurdle. NEWRY can win the Club Steeplechase.

THE SPECIAL will be published on Thursday as usual, and will deal fully with the Windsor meeting. Orders to Messrs. ODHAMS, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Wires will be despatched for each day at Windsor. Orders to me, care of "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, W.C. Single day, 5s.; the two days, 8s. Please send early.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 14.

Two readers sent coupons showing only three mistakes, and share the £100 prize, each receiving £50:—

A. FIDLER, 13, Dean Road, Gorton, Manchester.
G. ANDERSON, 64, Asplin Road, Park Lane, Tottenham.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

J. MUSKETT, 42, Delamere Avenue, Swinton Park, Pendleton. December 18th. A296,480.

F. K. PICK, 10, Blenheim Road, Bradford. December 25th A122,663.

SAMUEL LYCITT, Lower Somercotes, nr. Alfreton. December 25th. 159,152.

J. IMRIE, 48, Manor Street, Clapham, S.W. December 25th A300,153.

FRANK HOLLIER, 21, Tintern Road, Lordship Lane, Wood Green, N. December 25th. 848,350.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 8th:—

012186	251831	507815	830312	A138265
039181	260530	557527	846123	A156553
047148	266543	581247	867769	A177167
056519	312714	531594	919281	A190702
103674	349624	615614	954670	A237001
152896	361140	668660	986416	A266338
171819	397272	672818	A008777	A284759
203883	428107	710840	A065080	A322660
220482	456574	723498	A082153	A354549
242056	461430	765908	A111552	A389731

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published January 19th).

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **January 15th, 1916.**

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

JOHN T. (Galveston, Texas).—The answer is still "All's Well." As Browning has it, "God's in his heaven, All's right with the world."

F. A. K. D. (Alfrick).—"What are we fighting for?" For a peace in Europe. The Kaiser is fighting for a piece of it.

D. T. (Bridgend).—There is no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George exaggerated the facts, and his special legislation was obtained on the faith of these exaggerations.

"ET SON FILS."—Men who came forward and offered to enlist, but were rejected as unfit, are entitled to credit as having volunteered. They did not wait to be fetched.

C. A. C. (Ipswich).—Twelve motor chassis bought at Brighton by the military authorities at £200 apiece, and sold soon after at Norwich, in good condition, with motor bodies added, at from £17 to £15 each! What a game, what a game!

R. R. R. (Erdington).—So your local Wesleyan chapel adds to the gaiety of the nation by announcing, by means of a large poster in a prominent position that "Drink is the Enemy!" How many of your local Wesleyans, *on the quiet*, gladly obey the Scriptural injunction to love their enemies, we wonder?

C. A. (Teignmouth).—"Lord Derby's recruits—Derby Brights for the Kitchener." Quite so—while the women keep the home fires burning.

A. H. (Manor Park, E.).—Lord Hold-on would be an excellent alternative title for Lord Haldane.

"A PATRIOT."—The Post Office still using indelible copying ink pencils of Germhun manufacture! That is the way a great Government Department gives the public a lead.

C. F. L. (Gore End).—The Portsmouth Fathers might have the decency to obliterate the names of Gruneisen Road, Angerstein Road, Saxe-Weimar Road, etc., and to disinfect thoroughly the walls upon which they now appear.

"CONSTANT READER."—Don't worry. Your money deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank is quite safe. You must fancy yourself a German living under the German Government to imagine otherwise.

RFLMN. S. K. (B.E.F., France).—We like the story of your schoolgirl sister who would not cry when she fell and hurt herself "because she was the sister of an English soldier." That is the stuff that British mothers are made of—pure grit.

"A SOLDIER" (Bedford) asks us to refer the "teetotal cranks" to I. Tim. v. 23: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." What's the use? They would only refer us to Prov. xx. 1: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"SOME IDEA" (London, S.E.) suggests that if we were to put the best of Mr. Bottomley's articles in a book they would have a good sale. As we have before remarked, they would be bound to sell.

"GALLIPOLI JACK" (London).—"Keeping command of the sea and making no more muddles, we shall beat them easily." Truth will out.

"ATTESTED" (Stoke-on-Trent) asks whether he should disclose to the authorities that a man he knows has registered his age as 46 instead of 36. We think it his duty to do so.

"SOMETIMES" (Booth).—"Why don't you preach 'To Hell with the Neutrals,' and let the Navy finish the war?" Well, we *have* criticised said Neutrals pretty severely from time to time, haven't we?

MRS. A. M. C. (Southport) has placed us "on a pedestal"; but in consequence of our attitude on the drink question, she cannot shut her eyes to our feet of clay. Some people notice everything.

"PRO PATRIA" (Kendal).—"Can you inform me if the letters U.D.C. stand for 'Union of D—d Cowards'?" No, for Union of Democratic Control, although "Pro Patria's" surmise is reasonable.

"AN ADMIRER" (Newcastle-on-T.).—"For the country's sake, sir, take the lead." As soon as ever the King sends for us.

R. C. M. (Croydon) states "there is a rumour in Toronto, Canada, that General Baden-Powell has been shot in London." Rumour is a lying jade.

"CORRESPONDENT" (Chad. Corbett).—What—a resident with a reputed income of £3,000 pleading bad times to excuse himself from renewing his guinea subscription to the local Children's Boot Fund? Perhaps his income is *only* reputed.

L. W. (Catford).—". . . It was something in the nature of an outrage to suggest (*re* Mr. Hales' casual remark about 'Donald drunk and Donald sober') that Donal' ever knows the difference between the two conditions." Do not slander our brither Scots, we pray ye.

L. H. (Claremont, Cape Town) writes: "Keep on with the good work; you are great." Great is the need.

"PRO BON. PUB." (Gt. Tower Street).—No, the Premier's name is not pronounced "Ass-quit." You should Asquith more politeness.

A. B. (Chiswick).—Despite Major Moraht, General French gave the Germhuns a lot more than they bargained for. He also stopped their little game, and they won't forget it in a hurry.

E. B. (London).—". . . But, Lor', it ain't all honey For the chaps wot stays at home, No gals, no pals, no money, All forsaken and alone." Lor'!

J. P. J. (Pietersburg, Transvaal).—Ah, lots of us can fight against the Germhuns, but some of us cannot fight against Anno Domini. You have your troubles in S.A. Be quick to get the Germhuns out.

"SPRINGBOK" (Chatham).—Of course it is "not a piffling point to raise." Probably Germhun goods (to wit, mouth organs) are being stamped as of Swiss origin and imported into this country, but we have no evidence of the fact.

W. E. L. (San. Fran.).—Ford's peace puppets were *not* allowed to land on these shores, although the vessel was brought by our warships to Kirkwall to be searched—with the result that 4,000 lbs. of rubber, intended for the Huns, was found aboard. We in Britain got the measure of that silly crowd; well advertised as they have been, we doubt whether they will succeed in selling one extra motor car.

J. A. S. (Forest Gate).—When we say "Write to JOHN BULL about it," we do not mean about the epistle an irate mother sends you for meeting and writing love letters against her wishes to her daughter.

"CHELD" (Birkenhead).—Cannot tell you whether the "capital" of Wales is Carnarvon, Cardiff, or Lloyd George; but the greatest of these is Cardiff.

C. E. H. (London, S.W.), referring to the "Censor and the Girl" case, says: "Nothing like having a good old British name for getting a job at the War Office"—said Censor's name being Sarge Jolson.

C. F. (Barry).—We have no up-to-date figures, but probably the percentage of M.P.s of different Parties who have joined one or other of the Services is not much changed.

A. H. (Lytham).—Your friend at Groningen confirms our article about the hard times there, but says "they would have grinned and stood it" had they not been aggrieved by what the *Times* man said. That made them write to us, and we are glad to hear they now "get a decent dinner."

"A SCOTS PARSON."—Interested to hear that the word "bluggy" originated in the old humorous book, "Helen's Babies," where one of the children said he preferred stories that were bluggy! A strong, full-blooded story appeals to most of us, even when grown up, and in that sense we used the word.

A. J. W. (Hackney).—"Two interesting pictures of the lights o' London: Hackney—shopkeepers rounded up and fined, although their lights were shaded. Woolwich—shops ablaze with light; one with twelve electric bulbs, one with a window full of glare, another with big arc lamps in full swing; no shades anywhere!" Woolwich wants seeing to.

Fill up our Football Coupon correctly and win £1,000.

"A READER OF 'JOHN BULL.'"—The correct way to address His Majesty is "Sir," and not "Sire."

"A WICKED GAMBLER" (York).—We have received very grateful letters from the recipients of the £1, £4, £1 and £2, you generously sent, through us, for their benefit.

H. C. N. C. (Brondesbury Park).—Willingly accept your statement that Hunyadi Janos is not compounded, but is a purely natural water, bottled at the springs. Those springs, however, are in Austria, so Hun-yadi remains Hunnish. That is why we like it not.

"ACKROYD."—It is against professional etiquette for solicitors to advertise in the newspapers, consequently those who do can scarcely be classed as "respectable." Indeed, it is hardly likely that they are solicitors at all.

C. S. F. (Limerick).—The phrase "German essential" in the advertisement for an assistant teacher for a convent school doubtless means that candidates must have a knowledge of the language. However, this seems hardly the time for such a stipulation.

T. M. B. writes: "Every one that knows me says I am a good man. I hope they speak the truth." So do we—but you can never tell.

B. H. M. (London).—Yes, we noticed the picture in the *Mirror* of the "Destruction of Hopewell, Virginia, which, as the result of orders from the Allies, grew into a town with a population of 25,000 in a year." In all the circumstances, had not the Allies better give Hopewell an order for another 25,000?

"FAITHFUL READER" (London) wants to know "why girls inexperienced in postal work are allowed to take sorters' positions without any examination or trouble whatever?" Because this war hath altered all things.

R. S. (Sunderland).—The shopkeeper from whom you bought the lamp glass "made in Prussia" is probably not trading with the enemy. Doubtless it is from stock purchased before the war.

F. E. F. (Cardiff).—Accepted with pleasure; for New Year's wishes, thanks, and same to you.

J. A. (Gorton).—Like all other fanatical teetotalers, you argue that because some men abuse "drink" nobody should be allowed to have any. We have no sympathy with that attitude.

A. E. W. (Finsbury Park).—We certainly shall not be so impolite as to tell you "there is no difference between your poetry and the smell from Bermondsey's Bad Egg Destructor." There is a great difference. Your poetry is not bad and does not smell.

G. H. F. (Liverpool).—We do not approve of indecent songs in music-hall or anywhere else. What was the character of Mr. Champion's songs we do not know, and therefore we can pronounce no judgment on the Birmingham prosecution.

"NINEPENCE FOR NOTHING" (Glen Barlands) wants us to strafe Mr. Lloyd George's Germhuny-inspired Insurance Act. Has he only just heard of it?

A. H. P. (Military Hospital).—Thanks for Ford cartoon. Not quite suitable.

F. S. (Rock Ferry).—"Ronald Howard" and "Lewis Benson," of Northwood Lodge, Tankerton, Whitstable, are the same man; also the same humbug.

"DOUGLAS RUSSELL" (Stockton) thanks readers who have sent him parcels of books and sympathetic letters.

"COUNTRY YOKEL" (Sandy).—*We* do not mind the strong language, but if Mr. Asquith heard you he would be shockingly shocked.

"OBSERVER" (Paisley).—Thanks for your letter. Our Publishers at once dealt with the matter.

GUNNER FLYNN, FRANCE.—The declaration of war became effective at 11 p.m. on August 4th, 1914.

"A DERBYITE" (S. Hackney).—Afraid your proposal for utilising Armlet numbers in connection with our canvassing scheme is scarcely practicable.

"ANOTHER ST. LEONARDS PARSON."—You evidently are tarred with the same brush as your clerical brother, whom we recently castigated, and with good reason. The fact that he is "a personal friend of yours" is a matter of indifference to us.

"ENGLISH WOMAN" would like to know why so many Germans and Austrians are allowed in Margate. We shall have to go and see.

SERG. J. S. (B.E.F., Canteens).—There is a heart-grip in that epitaph to a Canadian soldier killed in France: "Poor old Bill, he left this place, With smoking gun and smiling face; But Bill won't mind, if some good chap Will follow up and fill the gap."

Mrs. M. B. (Worcester).—We have repeatedly exposed the artful dodge whereby the Waterman Advertising Co., now of 36, Great James Street, W.C., contrive to fleece their victims.

J. A. (Cardiff).—It is quite outside our province, dear Julia, to find you a situation as "companion help or domestic service."

"A LIVERPUDLIAN."—Your friend is mistaken. JOHN BULL has been published continuously week by week since the first issue.

P. D. (Belfast).—You were justified in ordering out of your house the minister of the church you had attended for eighteen years, who called after your husband had joined up, and gratuitously admonished you to keep yourself "clean and pure" against your man's return. That clergyman's mind needed disinfecting.

C. A. H. (Birmingham).—It is all very well for you, a poet, to say: "Your wife has got a nagging tongue?—Forget it!" Many a man would retort, "I would if I could, but my wife won't let me!"

M. J. (Nottingham).—"Professor" Elmer E. Knowles' "National Institute of Sciences" is an American ramp with which no wide-awake person will have dealings. Norman Barclay is a member of the gang, we believe.

"RIDER" (Southsea).—"Is there a book on how to ride a horse?" We should not think a book on how to ride a horse would help you. It would probably only teach you how to tumble off.

"POOR SHEFFIELD" (Walkley).—Certainly we do think that well-off women should not take war work if they are keeping out of employment their poorer sisters.

J. S. (Dalston).—We, too, are surprised that public bodies, let alone private traders, should continue to purchase from Falk, Stadelmann and Co., when there are firms entirely free from all Germhun contamination who can supply the goods.

"PROSPECT."—We know nothing about the publishing of books on the care of infants and the health of young mothers, and can only advise you to send your MS. the round of the publishers in the ordinary way. Try *Everywoman's Weekly*.

L. W. T. (Kensal Green, W.) asks us to request the ungrateful soldier who "conveyed" a valuable binocular telescope by "Krauss," Paris, away with him "by mistake," to return it. He will not be required to settle up the various items he owes. Should any person recently have acquired such a binocular, will he kindly communicate with L. W. T., 740, Harrow Road, Kensal Green, W?

L.-CPL. E. J. A. (Bloomsbury).—Thanks for your twelve closely written quarto pages—in pencil. Wish we had time to read them.

MISS N. L. (Cardiff).—We are inclined to agree with your forcible description of the Cardiff clergyman who refused at the last moment to christen an infant because the proposed godmother was a Nonconformist. "A narrow-minded old devil" seems to fit the case to a nicety.

A. S. (Lightcliffe).—You are a little too sharp, Alice. Why should we not say "When an animal is killed, it is poisoned"? Your argument that it is not possible to poison an animal when it is killed, is quite too, too. Have you never heard of poisoned meat?

MISS M. B. (London, W.).—So you, too, had an unpleasant experience at one of the shops of the London Goldsmiths' Company? They will have to mend their ways.

"A SCOT AND A FIRM BELIEVER" (Mid-Lothian).—You are unkind when you charge us with treating "Angles as a Legend only." They were a very disagreeable fact to us in days gone by, when we were puzzling over Euclid. We certainly cannot imagine "Angles ministering to the wounded British soldier on the battlefield." Unless, maybe, they are able to give him isoscel-ease.

F. S. wishes us to inform the Kaiser that a lady of his acquaintance is quite willing to take him out in a bath-chair. We would sooner take him out in a hearse.

MRS. A. (W. Ham) asks us to help her boy, a telegraph messenger, to get some war bonus. We will when he grows more warlike.

W. H. (Stoke).—The question of reprinting our cartoons is, as Ministers in the House of Commons say, "under consideration."

E. M. V. (Edgbaston).—As the Government were forced to drop the prohibition question, you will doubtless continue to receive your brewery dividends.

C. S. (Slinfold).—Your suggestions sound excellent—in theory, but we doubt the possibility of putting them into practice. No coercion should be necessary after the war to prevent the employment in the British Empire of enemy aliens.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

"Too late" is the wail of the Fool. Be wise. **See page ii of cover.**

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

Sergeant: Excuse me, I don't mean to be rude or inquisitive, but it's rather a queer thing you are not wearing your armlet. You know the King has expressed a wish that all the men attested should wear the khaki badge?

Sulky-Looking Youth: Don't see what business it is of yours.

Sergeant: Ah, but it *is* my business. As a recruiting officer it is my duty to make a few inquiries in such cases as this. Unfit?

S.-L. Youth: No.

Sergeant: Not a "sooner," are you?

S.-L. Youth: What d'you mean, a "sooner"?

Sergeant: Why, one of those chaps who would sooner somebody else did the fighting. Only son?

S.-L. Youth: No, I'm not.

Sergeant: Married?

S.-L. Youth: Not much!

Sergeant: On war work?

S.-L. Youth: No, I'm not. I'm a Conscientious Objector, if you want to know.

Sergeant: What's that?

S.-L. Youth: You know right enough.

Sergeant: Have you got it with you?

S.-L. Youth: Got what?

Sergeant: Why, what you said—your conscientious objection. I should like to have a look at one.

S.-L. Youth: Trying to be funny, aren't you?

Sergeant: No, really. I'm not joking. I should like to see this thing you call a conscientious objection, and I dare say these other gentlemen would, too.

S.-L. Youth: Look here, you've no right to badger me like this in a public railway carriage. You're not everybody, even if you *are* wearing khaki. The law allows me to have a conscientious objection to fighting, and I don't have to ask your permission.

Sergeant: Would you have a conscientious objection to me dotting you on the nose? It's all right. I'm not going to. I want to keep clean. But I should like to know exactly how your conscientious objection to fighting would work in a case like that. Would you hit back?

S.-L. Youth: I might. That's my business. I might have you run in for assault.

Sergeant: Of course, I forgot. You're a "sooner"—you'd sooner a copper protect you than stand up for yourself. Have you got a girl?

S.-L. Youth: Mind your own business, and I'll mind mine.

Sergeant: Look here, youngster, do you think it is *my* business to fight and risk my life for swabs like you? I don't. I've got a conscientious objection to getting shot in the trenches so as you can swank about safe at home in civvies. Where do you think you'd be if everybody was like you?

S.-L. Youth: Here, I expect.

Sergeant: No, you wouldn't. You'd be doing the goose-step under a German drill sergeant.

S.-L. Youth: That's what *you* think. If nobody would fight there wouldn't be any fighting.

Sergeant: You damn young fool! If everybody was a woman there wouldn't be any men, would there? And if every Britisher was a snivelling, cowardly cuss like you, there wouldn't be any British Empire! What right have you to live in this country if you're not willing to fight for it?

S.-L. Youth: I didn't ask to come, did I? I didn't make the British Empire.

Sergeant: No, but you'd soon damn well smash it if there were a few millions more like you.

S.-L. Youth: H'm!

Sergeant: Here, none of that! Don't you "H'm" me! Let me get out of this! I've got a conscientious objection to breathing the same air as "sooners" and shirkers. "Conscientious objection!" Ruddy cowardice, that's what it is! . . . Let me get out!

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon.

£250 If One Error . . . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK.

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, January 22nd. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Bolton will beat Rochdale you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Rochdale will beat Bolton then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach John Bull, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, January 21. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's Weekly*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished, only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Bolton W.	v.	Rochdale
			Liverpool	v.	Bury
			Manchester C.	v.	Everton
			Preston N. E.	v.	Blackpool
			Stoke	v.	Oldham A.
			Bradford	v.	Sheffield U.
			Derby C.	v.	Huddersfield
			Leeds C.	v.	Leicester F.
			Lincoln C.	v.	Notts Forest
			Brentford	v.	Arsenal
			Tottenham H.	v.	Millwall
			Crystal P.	v.	Watford
			Aberdeen	v.	Partick Thistle
			Hibernians	v.	Airdrieonians
			Clyde	v.	otherwell
			Dumbarton	v.	Morton
			Raith Rovers	v.	Falkirk
			Hamilton A.	v.	Hearts

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* **HERE**

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No. 17 Closing date, Friday, January 21st.

"John Bull" Guarantees

THE GUARANTEE

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NOTHING like these Volumes has ever appeared before in any language. They are the Domesday Books of All Times Since the World Began, and go right up to the Outbreak of the present Great War. Here in these pages the Greatest Historians, Thinkers and Artists portray the Dramas of Nature and Mankind in Prose, Poetry, and Pictures that thrill the heart and fascinate the minds of readers of all ages.

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(4 J.B.)

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POTTER'S Asthma Cure

Is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists, herbalists and stores, for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

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Leather Laces do. 4d. & 6d. do.

Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon Paton's.

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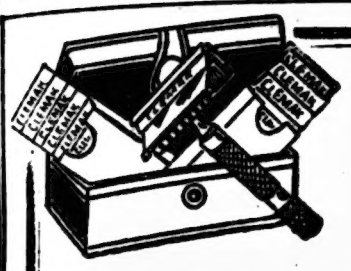

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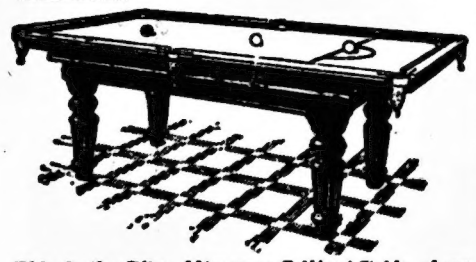
Riley's Miniature Billiard Table.

8s. 6d. down—and then whilst you have the Table, you pay the balance in 12 consecutive monthly payments of 8s. 6d.

Cash price 5 Guineas—a delightfully convenient size to fit over an ordinary table, and to fit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. Complete with all accessories. Other sizes—prices in proportion.

If you send a P.O. now to-night, for 8s. 6d. you get carriage paid to your door (no charge for packages) within a few days the wonderful Riley Miniature Table specified below (size 6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins., cash price, 5 gns.), and if after 7 days' trial you are not satisfied, pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed. Anyone may learn the real, live game of Billiards in no time on a Riley Billiard Table; lose no time in putting one in your home; watch how it fills in the hours from tea till bed-time, with an excitement at every moment, an interest to keep everyone enthralled from ten-year-old Tommy to Grandfather.



This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on Dining Table.

IN addition to the Miniature Billiard Tables, Riley's have another style—which may be paid for by equal monthly instalments over a period of 13 or 18 months—the

Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining-Table

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over 13 months or 18 months. Cash prices from £13 10s.

FREE on receipt of postcard, full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries. Every Table is as perfect as modern science and high-class workmanship can make it.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Premier Works, Accrington.
London Showrooms. 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

INSIST ON SPRATT'S FOR YOUR DOG.

A Soldier's Word!

A wounded soldier wrote the other day: "If people only knew the good that Hall's Wine does, everybody would be taking it."

The very strongest of us needs some reinforcement for our strength under the burdens of anxiety and strain we bear to-day.

Hall's Wine gives the very help you need, gives it rightly and pleasantly, *without fail.* It has proved a friend to thousands since the war began, bringing strength to those who carry on at home, working marvels for our invalids from the front. Let it help you—from to-day.

A well-known Doctor writes: "It is impossible to take Hall's Wine without being benefited."

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no real benefit, return us the half-empty bottle and we will refund your entire outlay.

Large size, 3s. 6d. Of Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with Wine licenses.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD.,
BOW, LONDON.

493

"BULLETS"

THE BEST-JUDGED COMPETITION WITH MOST PRIZES.

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

OVER 5,000 PRIZES TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

☛ **Please note that Competitors can now make use of two extra coupons, which are to be found on the page opposite.**

No. Closing date, Thursday, January 20th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(172) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed_____

Address_____

If one couron is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 172," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, January 20th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(172) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed_____

Address_____

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 173. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 27th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **173** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 173, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 173.

THE KAISER'S DREAM	REVUE DRESSES	NOT SO SIMPLE	WELL OFF
FIGHTING SHY	LOOKING CHEAP	LADY HELPS	CHOOSING THE MAID
ONLY A RUMOUR	WHEN FIRST MARRIED	BETWEEN TWO FIRES	FATHER'S LATEST
PRINCIPAL BOY	OLD DUCK	SOUNDS BAD	WITH OPEN ARMS
MADE UP	FIRST OFFENDER	A PRETTY PICTURE	CHEERING TOMMY

Soldiers and Sailors desiring to send extra "Bullets" may submit them on plain paper. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" submitted must be enclosed. If possible entry fees should be paid by English postal-orders. English stamps and notes on the Bank of France will also be accepted. No other notes of any kind will be accepted.

This week's list of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 172:—

THE BEST POLICY
WHEN COMPELLED
KEEPING THE PLEDGE
PARLIAMENT'S TASK
RULING THE WAVES
DOMESTIC QUESTIONS
PLAYING THE DEVIL
TEASING THE CAT
TOO FUNNY FOR WORDS
BREAKING THE RECORD
LOOKING UGLY
THE WRONG TASK
ANSWERING TOMMY
FEEDING THE GERMANS
HARD WORK
TAKES AFTER FATHER
WASTING TIME
A RUDE SHOCK
PRETTY HOUSEMAID
SPOONING
CERTAINLY NOT
MAKES WIFE HAPPY
CRUSHING REPLY
CAN'T DO WITHOUT
POPPING THE QUESTION
FEW LIKE HER
FIGHTING CHANCE
A REGULAR CUSTOMER
A FINE TIME
IN THE HOUSE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
SPOONING.
Bullet:—
NICE WHEN SWEET SEVENTEEN.
Example:—
CAN'T DO WITHOUT.
Bullet:—
ANYTHING FATHER WANTS.
Example:—
A REGULAR CUSTOMER.
Bullet:—
WELL TREATED.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated February 5th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly" dated January 15th.

RESULT OF 169TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. ARTHUR COTTRELL,
H.M.S. "Barham,"
"Black Bull," Ylewsley,
Middlesex.

Example:—
NO CLASS.
Bullet:—
DESCRIPTION WHICH MEANS CONSCRIPTION.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Private G. LOVELOCK,
A.V.C. Branch Hospital,
Vauxhall Fields,
Canterbury.

Example:—JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.
Bullet:—ARMLETS AREN'T "WORN OUT."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Pte. V. L. JONES, 2941, A Co., 83rd Provis. Batt., Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex:
MAKING HERSELF PLAIN—GERMAN WOMAN OUTSIDE REICHSTAG.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. MAURICE BENJAMIN, 21, Chaucer Road, Forest Gate, E.:
PANTOMIME GIRLS—MAKE A "PRETTY ROW."

Mr. H. V. DAVIES 24, Clare Street, Cardiff:
PANTOMIME GIRLS—"WILD" IF THOUGHT "TAME."

Miss D. WHITE, 36, Josephine Avenue, Brixton Hill, S.W.:
ASK THE MISSUS—WHAT "CARRYING ON" MEANS.

Mr. A. KENDALL, 42, Morden Terrace, Merton, London, S.W.:
AFTER PARTING—SIORY "LAMA" RETURNS." BLEATING."

Mr. W. H. PRICE, Tobacconist, etc, Barry, Glam.:
ON THE MAKE—MY "KIDS" KEEP SHOEMAKER.

Mr. E. M. LAYFIELD, The Gables, Egerton Park, Rock Ferry Cheshire:
ANOTHER STORY—SURELY—NOT FROM "WASHINGTON."

Mr. SOLOMON JACKSON, 47, Park Road, Bedworth, Nuneaton:
IN RIGHT PLACE—WINSTON FOR "DIGGING" NOW.

Mr. A. S. MILLER, 10, Coolhurst Rd., Crouch End, London, N.:
IN RIGHT PLACE—GIRLS "ON THE KNEE."

Mr. H. F. HEWITT, 120, Walton Street, Oxford:
WITHOUT ASKING—BANDMASTER'S "BY REQUEST" OFTEN.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. H. W. CHURCHMAN, Sawston, Cambs.:
JUDGING BY APPEARANCES—CROWN PRINCE NATURALLY "NOSEY."

Mr. PERCY LLOYD, 1, Cemetery Road, Cymmer, Port Talbot, S. Wales:
ON THE MAKE—OF MUNITIONS—DEPENDS EVERYTHING.

Mrs. MABEL SWAINE, 93, Bexhill Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea:
MAKING HERSELF PLAIN—DISCUSSING THE OTHER LADY.

Mr. J. SLOAN, 32, Elisabeth Street, Ibrox, Glasgow:
MIXING THINGS UP—"PEACE" AND "BAD WIND."

Mr. J. W. PEPPER, 84, Byne Road, Sydenham, London, S.E.:
AFTER THE PUDDING—A "FULL-BLOWN" OPTIMIST.

Miss HETTIE LEWIS, 12, St. Julian's Friars, Shrewsbury:
IN RIGHT PLACE—"THUMBS UP"—SERVING SOUP.

Mr. WILLIAM STEVENSON, 9, Granville Road, Carlisle:
LOOKS SILLY—NOT WHILE IT'S FASHIONABLE.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon).

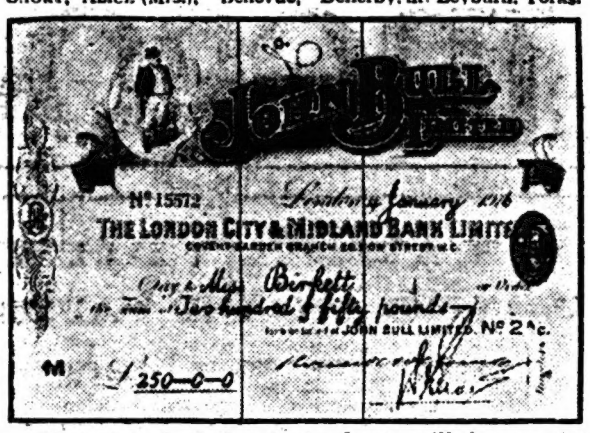
Sergt. THOS. GRIFFIN (R.I.C.), Castlebar, Co. Mayo, Ireland:
"STATE OF UNCERTAINTY—NIPPY & LAYING OUT PENNY.

Mr. W. HORNBY (Station Master), Kipling Coles, N.E.R.:
AFTER PARTING—WITH LOAN—PRACTICE WHISTLING.

Mr. HARRY WILLIAMS, 18, Platts Crescent, Ambleside, Stockbridge:
TOUGH CUSTOMER—CUPID, FOR HIS SAM.

Selection from 100 Prizewinners of 5s. each.

RAYMOND, RICHARD, 6, Meeching Rise, Newhaven.
RIDDELL, DAVID, 19, Brookvale Avenue, Belfast.
ROWTON, J., Queensbury, Bradford.
SOLLY, E. (Mrs.), 60, Bedford Hill, Balham.
SALMON, HARRY H., 187a, Gladstone Avenue, Wood Green, N.
SANGSTER, A. (Co.-S.-Maj.), 26, Oxford Grove, Manchester.
SCOTT, WILLIAM S., 18, Ousterley Terrace, Craghead, S.O., Co. Durham.
SCOTT, WILLIAM, 42, Preston Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow.
SHARPE, R., "Fairhaven," Portland Villas, Hove.
SHORT, ALICE (Mrs.), "Bellevue," Bellerby, nr. Leyburn, Yorks.



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. H. A. Nelson, 20, High Street North, East Ham, from Thursday, January 13th, and Mr. C. Hickman, 651, Romford Road, Manor Park, from Monday, January 17th.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at the Electric Theatre, 189, High Street North, East Ham.

BLACK, JAMES (Mrs.), 4, Grey Street, Crook Co. Durham.
SLATER, WILLIAM, High Street, Pewsey.
SLESSOR, J. (Mrs.), 43, Rosebank Terrace, Aberdeen.
SLOGGETT (Petty Officer), R.N.A.S., Talbot Works, North Kensington.
SMITH, C.-S.-M., No. 3 Company, Bedfords, Felixstowe.
SNEDDON, JOHN M., California, Falkirk, N.B.
SPENCER, ALFRED, 18, Highgate, Beverley, E. Yorks.
THOMAS, ARTHUR, Lea Cottage, Warley, Essex.
TONKIN, EASTON, Goods Dept., Gt. Western Railway, Penzance.
TOOLE, A. (Mrs.), 4, Belle Vue, Fortune's Well, Portland.
TOWNSEND, W. J., Castle Rd., Crickhowell.
TRIEVE, RICHARD, 23, Hayter Rd., Brixton.
WALKER, JAMES, 19, Summerfield Terrace, Aberdeen.
WALLER, GEORGE, 11, Park Square Mews, Regent's Park, N.W.
WATSON, P. (Sergt.), R.I.C., Crinkle Birr, King's County.
WEARE, C. E., 6, South Front, Southampton.
WILLIAMS, A. B. (L.-Corporal), 3948, H.T.S., 2-5 Bedford Regt., Newmarket.
WOOL, WINIFRED (Miss), Eyford Hill Farm, Stow-on-the-Wold.
WORSLEY, WILLIAM, 46, Hanbury Street, Hill Lane, Hulme, Manchester.
ANDERSON, F. A. (Mrs.), 69, Albert Drive, Crosshill, Glasgow.
ARRIS, W., 70, Hillside Road, Stamford Hill, N.
ATKINSON, WILLIAM, 2, Dyer Street, Rawfolds, Cleckheaton.
BAIN, A., Kishorn Loch, Carron, Rossshire.
BALSDON, C. (Mrs.), Rose Cottage, Old Town, Bideford.
BANKS, CLAUDE, 57, Railway Street, Llanhilleth, Mon.
BARNES, W. H., 12, Hamilton Road, Thornton Heath.
BATH, E., 13, Lower Oldfield Park, Bath.
BEAZLEY, ETHEL, 2, Gastein Road, Willesden, N.W.
BECKS, WILLIAM W., 11, Rotherfield Avenue, Hastings.
BELL, L. (Mrs.), "Ivydene," Tennis Road, Douglas, I.O.M.
BENSON, W. (Capt.), 122, Orsett Rd., Grays.
BOOTH, RUFUS, 9, Northside Terrace, Bradford.
BROTHERS, H. F., The Don Picture Palace, Sheffield.
BROWNE, G., 9, St. Paul's Square, Norwich.
BROWN, J. T. (Lieut.), Army Ordnance Dept., Army P.O. 4, B.E.F., France.
CARTER, C., 44, Naples Street, Manningham, Bradford.
CASSELLS, THOMAS, May Street, Hamilton, N.B.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons can be used, but a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be enclosed and made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose one postal order for the amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☛ YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, January 20th

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(172) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, January 20th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(172) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 172," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE ABOVE COMPETITION CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

PICTURE THEATRE GOERS!

Here is a

NEW MAGAZINE FREE

FOR ONE YEAR.

The Reason it Is FREE—

In order that the Cinema-going public may know of this weekly paper and believing that if they like it they will recommend their friends to buy it every week, the Publishers have decided to offer 1,000 free subscriptions to the readers of this paper. Fill in the coupon quickly.

The Cinegoer

16 PAGES BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

PRINTED ON ART PAPER.

1st ISSUE FEB. 19th.

THE FIRST NUMBER WILL INCLUDE

The Story in tabloid form of the Great Film Play

"THE DOP DOCTOR."

The fascinating story of the life of

Miss PEARL WHITE

together with

HER PORTRAIT

(large size suitable for framing).

"The Cinegoer" also tells you in each issue all about the Film Stars, their histories and interesting experiences, the Fun of the Film, and other fascinating articles which will appeal to the picture theatre patron. It will come to your home every week free and post paid if you send the coupon NOW.

CUT THIS OUT AND POST NOW

DON'T DELAY— SEND TO-DAY

To the Publishers of "The Cinegoer," 613, Imperial House, Kingsway, London.

NAME .....

Please send me for one year FREE and Post Paid 'The Cinegoer.'

ADDRESS .....

.....

My favourite Picture Theatre is

J. B. .....

DON T DELAY— SEND TO-DAY

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